

*W. Richmond*

P O E M S

A N D

L E T T E R S

I N

P R O S E.

Occasionally written by

T H O M A S J O E L.

*of Ipswich*

*See Page 82.*

*T. K.*

---

Simul et Jucunda et Idonea dicere Vitæ.

---

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M.D.CC.LXVI.





LETTERS

TO HER

Grace the Duchess

OF

RICHMOND



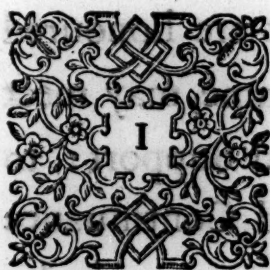
MADAM

I AM convinced  
 the following  
 will find its way  
 into your hands  
 and I believe it  
 will be found  
 under the Patronage of Your Grace  
 I hope

A 2



TO HER  
Grace *the* Dutcheſs  
OF  
RICHMOND.  
MADAM,



AM convinced, in  
the following Juve-  
nile Pieces, there are  
some Imperfections,  
and Deficiencies : at the ſame time,  
under the Patronage of Your GRACE,

I hope they will prove an agreeable  
Entertainment to the candid Reader.

The excellent Qualities, with  
which Heaven has blessed Your  
GRACE, are the best Sanctuary an  
Author can seek, to avoid falling a  
Sacrifice, to the censorious part of the  
World.

From this Consideration it is,  
that my Infant-Muse has had Re-  
course to the ancient Priviledge of  
Poetry ; and happy shall I think my-  
self, if the Essays that are honoured  
with Your GRACE's Name, may meet  
with your Favour and Support : to  
merit an uninterrupted Continuance  
of which, I shall reckon a particular  
Felicity of my Life.

As

As the exalted Station, and well-known Character of Your GRACE, raise you above a Detail of Elogiums, I therefore beg Leave to obey the Inclinations of my Gratitude; to thank You for the Honour already done me; and to profess myself, with the utmost Sincerity and Respect,

M A D A M,

*Your GRACE'S*

*most obedient, and*

*most humble Servant,*

T H O M A S J O E L.



As the exalted Station, and well-  
 known Champion of Your Grace,  
 and you above a Dearth of Eloq-  
 uence, I therefore beg Leave to ob-  
 tain the Indulgence of my Acquaintance;  
 thank You for the Honour already  
 done me; and to profess myself  
 The humble servant and devoted  
 A Morning Vow  
 An Address  
 To Your Grace  
 To the Hon. the Lord of  
 the Father, most obedient and  
 The Hon. the Lord of  
 An Address  
 To Mr. C. J. and the  
 An Address to certain  
 Disappointment  
 A Vision  
 Hope  
 The Apology  
 An Epigram  
 The Inimitable A Song  
 The



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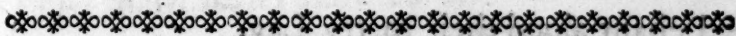
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POEMS



P O E M S,  
A N D  
LETTERS in PROSE.



The DOUBLE MISTAKE: Or, CHLOE  
a-walking.



LOSE by a River's mossy Side,  
Whose winding Streams in  
A pensile Wood with Verdure  
Projects a dancing Shade around,

*Venus* quite tir'd, sat down to rest,

While vernal Breezes cool her Breast:

B

In



In a loose Air, her Tresses float,  
 And wanton Loves around her sport.  
 All Nature, blushing, eyes the Queen,  
 And forms a wide extensive Scene :  
 Tall Alders bend their tow'ring Head,  
 And, bowing, make a quiv'ring Shade ;  
 Satyrs with Dances beat the Ground,  
 The tender Lambkins skip around,  
 While Songsters perch upon the Spray,  
 And chant aloud their merry Lay.  
 Cupid, who happen'd to be near,  
 Selecting Flow'rs for *Chloe's* Hair,  
 By the shrill Concert in the Sky,  
 Concluded her to be just by :  
 Replete with Wishes warm he flies,  
 Fond Hope and Fear alternate rise,  
 Alternate sparkle in his Eyes,

And

And with his Garland fresh and gay,  
 Tries a fair Contrast to display.  
 The Poppy, ting'd with scarlet Hue;  
 The V'let, fragrant as the Dew;  
 The Jessamine, the blushing Rose,  
 From which ambrosial Odour flows;  
 All these, and many more beside,  
 With a small silver String he ty'd;  
 Then to his Breast his Pofy laid,  
 And smil'd, to think for whom 'twas made.  
 The little God, with winged Speed,  
 Now skims along the flow'ry Mead:  
 But just before he reach'd the Place,  
 A Thought intruding, slack'd his Pace,  
 Resolving, like the *Grecian* Scout,  
 To Spy what *Chloe* was about:  
 Then peeping through a sunny Glade,  
 I see (he cry'd) the charming Maid:

Ah, *Chloe*, do you think to lie,  
 Recluse in dull Obscurity,  
 When prying *Cupid* is so nigh ?  
 Streight hov'ring round her snowy Breast,  
 What Innocence is here exprest !  
 What Life, he cry'd, plays in that Eye !  
 E'en *Venus* cannot with her vie.  
*Venus*, the vocal Hill replies,  
 Can't with her vie : — with feign'd Surprise,  
 The Goddess starts — so, so, who's here ? —  
 O, *Cupid*, is it you, my Dear ?  
 I fear'd some bold Traducer came,  
 Or empty Beau, to stain my Fame.  
 What, *Cupid*, quite chagrin'd ? I pray,  
 Has *Chloe* banish'd you To-day ?  
 O! no, Mamma, — What then, my Dear ?  
 I only thought you *Chloe* here. —

Did

Did you indeed ? (the Queen reply'd,)  
 Is *Cupid*, when stil'd blind, bely'd ?  
 For do you think your Nonpariel,  
 Can matchless *Venus* e'er excel ?  
 No, no, — you may, I do declare,  
 And full as a-propo compare,  
 Lame *Vulcan* with *Adonis* fair;  
 Fierce *Ajax* with his ample Shield,  
 To beauteous *Paris*, in the Field ;  
*Apollo*, source and God of Light,  
 To *Cynthia*, Mistress of the Night.  
*Cupid* was going to reply,  
 When Fate, or Chance, brought *Chloe* by.  
 Not *Phoebus*, when he spreads his Beams,  
 And dies the Clouds in blushing Streams,  
 Not fair *Aurora*, when she greets  
 The ravish'd Sense with balmy Sweets,



Can vie with *Chloe* ; or appear,  
 So bright, so soft, or half so fair.  
 Lightly she treads the russet Mead,  
 The Flowers, blushing, bow their Head,  
 And but in Fancy's Mirrour view,  
 Charms, as unfully'd, as their Hue.  
 The lovely Maid had scarce pass'd by,  
 But *Venus* caught her with her Eye,  
 And turning unto *Cupid*, said,  
 See there, who trips, with fairy Speed,  
 Along the wide extending Mead :  
*Minerva*, or *Diana* chaste,  
 Go pay our best Respects with Haste.  
*Cupid* obey'd : but soon return'd ;  
 (To vent his Spleen his Bosom burn'd)  
 And who's blind now ? the Urchin cry'd :  
 Indeed, Mamma, you should not chide,

'Till

'Till conscious that yourself are free,  
 From the same Faults you find in me:  
 'Tis your own *Chloe*, blooming Fair,  
 The wise, the chaste, the Debonair;  
 Wisdom and Chastity combine,  
 With Love, to make her quite divine.



### A MORNING WALK.

**A**T the Season when *Nature* descends,  
 And scatters the Plain with sweet Flow'rs;  
 When *Phæbus* his Influence lends,  
 And the Earth is refresh'd with soft Show'rs;

In the Morning pursuing their Walk,

Young *Strepbon* and *Daphne* I saw ;

How engaging they seemed to talk !

While their Eyes told each other their Joy,

By the Side of the Hedge they stepp'd slow,

Nor suffer'd, neglected, to die,

The Herbs that profusely wild grow,

Known alone to the curious Eye.

Now over the Gate they reclin'd,

Intent on the Husbandman's Toil ;

Who when Earth, soft relenting, proves kind,

Plows, cleanses, or sows his rich Soil.

Then down to the Mead they would stray,

Where the Verdure refreshes the Sight ;

But frequently paus'd by the Way,

With apt Words to express their Delight.

To

To the Hill now their Walk I pursu'd,  
 Where new Objects new Pleasure impart;  
 And as Nature's fair Portrait they view'd,  
 This Lesson they read to my Heart :

With these Beauties how charm'd is the Eye!  
 The Prospect how vary'd and gay!  
 My *Strephon*, those Scenes we espy,  
 Though speechless, Instruction convey.

The Fields kept so neat and so clean,  
 Which the Farmer each Day doth inspect,  
 Remind me of Home, that within  
 There should nought be consum'd by Neglect.

The Stream that glides smoothly along,  
 Bids me never meet Passion with Rage;  
 If you frown — I will sing a soft Song;  
 Your Anger soft Words shall assuage.



The Sheep that enliven the Plain,  
 Not far from their Shepherd will roam,  
 Seem to say, that true Pleasure in vain  
 Is sought for, if not found at Home.

Dear *Daphne*, that Village observe,  
 There, how happy are they who reside!  
 They live, without guileful Reserve,  
 At a Distance from Folly and Pride.

*Simplicity* walks with the Clown;  
 Coy *Modesty* dwells with the Fair;  
 For *Charity* look to yon Dome;  
 The Vicar and her should be there.

Mark yon Cot, rear'd for plain humble Swains,  
 Where Blessings, though few, greatly please;  
 'Tis the Lot of the Peasant, who gains  
 With his *Earnings*, *Contentment* and Ease.

There

There *Temperance*, healthful and gay,  
 Smiles at Labour, tho' coarse be his Meat;  
 With a Song he salutes the new Day,  
 And his Bread and his Rest are both sweet.

There, obscur'd, modest Worth steals thro' Life,  
 With *Peace*, smiling Peace at his Board;  
 To the gay busy Crowd they leave Strife,  
 Nor envy the Miser his Hoard.

There *Prudence* too, neatly array'd,  
 Has found a snug wholesome Retreat;  
 Her Care she owns fully repay'd,  
 If *Colin* still finds her discreet.

Let the Hero stake Life for a Name;  
 Let Ambition court Guilt, Pomp, and Glare;  
 Let the Gay waste their Days in Love's Flame,  
 Can they ever with *Virtue* compare?

That

That *Virtue* which seeks yon Retreats ?

That Devotion those Scenes must inspire ?

O! let me enjoy their soft Sweets !

Those Pleasures which Sages admire.



## BENEVOLENCE.

To M I R A.

**D**EAR *Mira*, whose Example <sup>[prove,</sup> best will  
And teach the Worldling what it is to love, I  
I write to you ; I write what you impart,  
The very Image of your tender Heart.

You,

You, soft in Nature, with an equal Mind,  
 Can drop a Tear, in Pity to Mankind;  
 Know how to see a Fault, and pass it by;  
 Nor hear'st unmov'd the hungry Orphan's Cry.  
 Come, then, instruct my Pen to form with Ease,  
 A placid Strain, and teach it how to please:  
 Soft graceful Words, and forcive Sense infuse,  
 And be, at once, my *Patroness* and *Muse*:  
*Benevolence* our Theme; what suits your Tongue;  
 I blush not for to own my fav'rite Song.  
 Mark *Mira*! well observe the *regal Fair*;  
 Like *You*, with Features soft, and mild her Air;  
 Nearest ally'd to Heav'n her Kindred Mind;  
 Her Looks indulgent, and her Wishes kind.  
 Lo! near her Throne, to Virtue dear, are seen,  
 The Virtues in Allegiance with the Queen;  
 A faithful Band of Amazons: most just,  
 When sordid Mammon would invade their Trust;  
 Most



Most brave when Int'rest pleads the Villain's Cause;  
 Or Pow'r, base Pow'r, contemns the Pow'r of <sup>[Laws,</sup>

First *Justice*, in her Hand the Balance shows,  
 And gives Rewards, most fit, to Friends and Foes;  
 Points out the Object that *deserves* Redress,  
 And Succour yields to *Virtue*, not *Distress*.

Next stands sweet *Charity*, the Orphan's Friend;  
 Justice she softens; teaches to extend,  
 Kindness to the Distress'd of ev'ry Clime,  
 Nor thinks, to love an Enemy, a Crime.

Then *Prudence*, soft in Speech, and mild in Mien,  
 Holds out a faithful Mirrour to the Queen;  
 In which She sees to caution, or advise,  
 When Thoughts perplex; or Dangers sudden rise.

A little

A little Band will *Mira* say ? 'tis true :  
 Yet *bonest* Friends, whom courtly Pride <sup>[knew :</sup> ne'er  
 Hearts join'd in one, which Wisdom calls her own :  
 The manly Seat where Honour builds her Throne :  
*Virtues*, which *Mira* if but yours and mine,  
 Let Vice and Folly most conspicuous shine ;  
 Let Flatt'ry swift increase her golden Brood,  
 No matter : *to be rich, is to do good :*  
 One Captive free, one trembling Heart relieve,  
 Greater your Joy, than all the World can give ;  
 More pure than that which grows in <sup>[Bow'r :</sup> Pleasure's  
 More lasting than the Pride of human Pow'r.  
 Say Ye, who canvas *Nature's* Volume o'er ?  
 Descry new Worlds, or Beings new explore ?  
 Inrol'd, among the sov'reign Laws that join,  
 Worlds link'd to Worlds in one harmonious Line,  
 One, so pre-eminently useful, can you find,  
 As that which links in social Bands Mankind ?

With

With studious Care the *moral* System weigh;  
 There, obvious as the Noontide solar Ray,  
 It shines all-cheering; and to all appears,  
 The Spring of Nature bringing happy Years;  
 The Base of Peace, the only lasting Tie,  
 To keep a jarring World in Amity.  
 Few feel thy Force, thou soft propitious Pow'r!  
 Best known to those who love the social Hour;  
 Yet all to thee a cheerful Homage pay,  
 And Pride herself thy Mandates will obey.  
 Hence, vile *Deception* oft assumes thy Name:  
 Hence, *Fraud*, and bold *Cabal* thy Title claim:  
 Ye base Intruders! who with this Disguise,  
 More surely wrong the Weak, and wound the <sup>[Wife:]</sup>  
 Ye momentary wand'ring Stars! that rise,  
 In temperate Seasons; nor will gild the Skies,  
 Unless a prosp'rous Sun has warm'd the Ground,  
 Producing Wealth, or Honour shines around:  
 When

When Light'nings blast, and Storms of Sorrow <sup>[roar,</sup>  
 When blighting Winds molest the peaceful Shore,  
 When Industry complains beneath her Toil,  
 And Poverty laments th' ungrateful Soil,  
 Sudden you set, to rise on other Climes;  
 Nor blush to change, with Fortune, and the Times.  
*Thou*, the *fixt polar Star*, art full in View,  
 Whatever Port we seek, or Course pursue:  
*Thou*, kind *Benevolence*! art always near,  
 To note, or to avert the Ills we fear.  
 Hail, Source of Good! bright Emblem of the Sun!  
 Which but for others doth his Circuit run;  
 As op'ning Spring, new Life you spread around,  
 Freedom and Joy beneath your Reign are found;  
 The Soul, you set at large, by Sense confin'd,  
 And stamp a god-like Temper on the Mind.  
*Happy* the Man, thy gentle Influence sways!  
 How calm his Soul! how peaceful flow his Days!



His Tongue, untaught in Slander's glossy Strain,  
 Disdains, to speak the Thing that's false, for Gain :  
 His Language, without study'd Arts to please,  
 Flows from his Lips with unaffected Ease,  
 And forms a Speech, by Bounds of Truth confin'd,  
 Which ever stands the Index of his Mind.  
 No Secret, whisper'd round by busy Fame,  
 To prostitute a Friend's, or Neighbour's Name,  
 No specious Tale, in Hints abstruse disclos'd,  
 Can lie within his open Breast repos'd ;  
 Perish, (he cries) the shrewd traducing Theme,  
 Lost in Oblivion, as an idle Dream.  
 If in his Evening-Walk, by Chance, he guides  
 His thoughtful Steps where *Industry* resides,  
 Where *wholesom Poverty*, with frugal Care,  
 Her daily All expends for homely Fare,  
 What Looks expressive ! what unbounded Glee !  
 What honest Praise ! from fulsome Flatt'ry free,  
 What

What kindling Love! in ev'ry Breast is found,  
 Spreading a universal Joy around.  
 But, O! what Thought can paint; what Tongue<sup>[impart,</sup>  
 Those Feelings, which transcend Description's Art,  
 And thro' the Soul a Bliss extatic send,  
 When the fond *Parent* sees her gen'rous Friend.  
 Sudden! the glowing Blush, with subtle Force,  
 Along the azure Veins directs its Course,  
 Soft creeping to her Cheek; while from her Eyes,  
 As Gleams of Light, the sparkling Pleasure flies.  
 Scarce can the struggling Soul in Bounds contain,  
 The Bliss redundant; a soft thrilling Pain,  
 A flutt'ring Transport in her Bosom plays,  
 Confines her Tongue, yet tacit sounds his Praise.  
 At length, the feeble Voice, low mutt'ring, tries  
 To speak the grateful Language of her Eyes;  
 In which, like lucid Drops of Dew, appear,  
 The long restrain'd, and big transparent Tear.

Th' officious Offspring eyes the weeping Dame,  
 And falls a-weeping too; (O! glorious Fame!)  
 Mother, and Child, their gentle Accents raise,  
 And both harmonious speak, and lisp his Praise.  
 But sure, in vain the labouring Mind assays,  
*Benevolence* to sing, in nervous Lays:

As well for Pastime, might the thoughtless Eye,  
 Attempt to count Night's Spangles in the Sky;  
 Or, when the Clouds dissolve in soft'ning Rain,  
 (Which spreads a Verdure o'er the russet Plain,)  
 Waiting with anxious Care a tedious Hour,  
 Assay to count the Drops that form a Show'r.

A N

## An A C R O S T I C.

BY sure, but various Ways to wound the Heart,  
 Each Maid from *Cupid* takes a diff'rent Dart.  
 To *Cælia*'s Hand the Shaft of *Wit* is giv'n;  
*Sophronia* steals her Fire to kill from *Heav'n*;  
 Yet *Beauty* reigns unrival'd in her Sway,  
 Let *Stella* hold the Scepter for a Day,  
 And ev'ry Heart is eager to obey.  
 Not so the *Muse*, he feels a purer Flame,  
 Good-Nature wounds him under *Friendship's* <sup>[Name;</sup>  
*Friendship* he prizes more than *Love's* Alarms,  
 Or the soft piercing Looks of *Beauty's* Charms;  
 Read the first Letters that these Lines do grace,  
 Dearer are they to me than *Stella's* Face.



TO DELIA.

**M**ARK! how th' <sup>[o'erflows,</sup> incroaching Flood  
Usurper-like, the verdant Mead;

If unrestrain'd, no Bound it knows,

But, swelling, onward rôlls with Speed.

So wanders rapid, nor confin'd,

Pleasure, the Pageant of a Day;

With short-liv'd Bliss she rules the Mind,

A willing Captive to her Sway.

Inconstant *Stella*, never free

From vain Impertinence and Noise;

Fond of her dear Variety,

The Circle treads, of earthly Joys.

Around

Around her costly, downy, Bed,  
 Soft, trembling Notes of Music flow ;  
 While Fancy, hov'ring round her Head,  
 Expels intruding Thoughts of Woe.

Sweet Luxury, the Pride of State,  
 Attends her humourfom Command ;  
 And, rang'd in Order round her Gate,  
 The gaudy Chariots take their Stand.

Unthinking Maid! who proudly great,  
 With Fortune's Gifts, a wealthy Store,  
 Thinks Happiness a large Estate,  
 Or tow'ring Heaps of shining Ore.

Not thus your Thoughts, fair *Delia*, roam,  
 In the dull Round of mortal Joys ;  
 Calmly contented with their native Home,  
 They shun Impertinence and Noise.

You, happy in a *private* Sphere,  
 Enjoy your Friend or Company ;  
 Nor Envies keen Invective's fear,  
 Nor wearisom Anxiety.

High at the Gole, to tempt your Eyes,  
 Hangs Virtue, Riches, Pleasure, Praise ;  
*Virtue* alone you think the Prize,  
 For this, you run the toilsom Race.



To

# To Miss SEDGLEY.

Upon the Death of her Father the

Rev. Mr. SEDGLEY.

**H**E, who surveys by Knowledge unconfin'd,  
 Each dark Recess, each Inlet to the Mind,  
 Who always will Sincerity regard,  
 Nor ever let it want it's just Reward,  
 Observ'd *your* Soul replete with kindred Love;  
 Wise as the Serpent, harmless as the Dove;  
 He saw your Views extend to Joys refin'd;  
 Your Actions nobly great, or greatly kind;  
 Your height of Triumph springing but from <sup>[hence,</sup>  
 To shun the momentary Joys of Sense;

Your



Your Heart a Sharer in another's Grief,

Your Hand swift moving to apply Relief.

These Virtues, in a graceful Form display'd,  
Omniscient Heav'n beheld, and smiling, said :

" Lately with Pains I shook her tender Frame,

" Yet, like herself, she still appear'd the same ;

" Press'd with a Load of Grief, she shew'd a Mind,

" The more afflicted, but the more resign'd :

" Passion was hush'd, cool Reason held the Rein,

" Nor Death brought nigh, nor keen repeated <sup>[Pain,</sup>

" Could raise the Calm, and spent their Force <sup>[in vain.]</sup>

" Once more, the Firmness of her Faith I try,

" Once more, attempt to shake her Constancy."

This said, in deepest Shades th' Almighty drew,

A Scene that shocks the firmest Soul to view.

The Piece presented to the startling Sight,

A melancholy Vale ; no chearful Light

Was

Was seen along the barren Ground to fly,  
 Or gild with various Hues the friendless Sky ;  
 Save, that where *Silence* sat in sad Array,  
 The sickly Taper shot a glimm'ring Ray.  
 Hard by a rugged Elm, and Yew-tree's Shade,  
 Lay *Superstition*, the unletter'd Maid,  
 With pale-ey'd *Fear* ; and where the Willow <sup>[grows,</sup>  
 Slow-sliding, *Grief*, a murm'ring River, flows ;  
 Stretch'd on a solitary Bier there lay,  
 In human Form, a lifeless Mass of Clay ;  
 The Front, unwrinkled, told th' inquiring Eye,  
 " Here dwelt a Mind, which never would belye  
 " It's Friend, or God ; a Mind, when known, <sup>[soon lov'd ;</sup>  
 " By Learning honour'd, and by Heav'n approv'd."  
 Near to it's Head reclin'd with tearless Eyes,  
 The Tyrant *Death*, and pointed to his Prize.  
 On either Side, the Subjects of his Reign,  
 Exulting, stood *Disease*'s hideous Train ;

And

And at the Feet, fast bound in Fetters, sat  
 The Monster *Sin*, and mourn'd his future Fate.  
 Affecting Sight ! ev'n now, methinks, my Eye  
 Surveys you doubtful, if to live, or die :  
 Now, plung'd in Thought profound, <sup>[you view ;</sup> the Scene  
 Now, wak'd by Nature, cry, adieu ! adieu !  
 Farewel my Father ! thou all good ! all kind !  
 Thou best ! and best belov'd of all Mankind !  
 And now, a Flood of Tears bring short Relief ;  
 Now Sighs, and Tears, alternate, <sup>[Grief,</sup> speak your  
 Madam, those Sighs suppress, those Sorrows hide,  
 You, of the Piece, view but the gloomy Side ;  
 Turn it, perhaps on the Reverse you'll find  
 Inscrib'd these Words, to sooth your tortur'd Mind.  
 " Go, melancholy Portrait ; go and prove,  
 " The firm Resolve, and Faith, of SEDGLEY's Love ;  
 " And if, inviolate, on *Me* by Choice,  
 " 'Tis firmly fix'd, before all earthly Joys ;  
 " If

" If stedfast Trust in me to bring Relief,

" Glows in her Heart, and brightens up her [Grief,

" No future Trial shall her Life annoy,

" But I'll requite her with whole Years of Joy."

Cease then tomourn, remember, all who beat

The thorny Road, to Virtue's arduous Seat,

Must sacrifice their Ease, Affliction bear,

Heav'n's Gate lies hid in Shades of Death and Care.

The Man, whose daring Mind Ambition fires,

Whom Spoil and Conquest fill with vast Desires,

Whose native Ardour glows at warlike Noise,

Who thinks it speaks his Wish for high Applause,

Braves ev'ry Danger, scorns a Thought of Pain,

The Harvest of his eager Hopes to gain ;

Though Death and Danger dance before his Eyes,

Yet still he pants, and labours for the Prize ;

No Force unequal, by increasing Foes,

Nor Death, nor Danger, nor a Train of Woes,

Can



Can damp his Soul; flush'd with the Hope of <sup>[Fame,</sup>  
He fights; he dies; to gain a deathless Name.

So, do we after Happiness aspire?

Do Joys immortal set our Souls on fire?

Would we be numbred with the Bless'd above?

And live with those, who live in boundless Love?

On Terms like these we must our Bliss obtain,

Smile e'en at Death, and welcome bid to Pain.

The best of Goods the flatt'ring World can give,

Can be enjoy'd no longer than we live;

And with such Cost it's gilded Toys are bought,

The *Wise* esteem them scarcely worth a Thought.

What's Pow'r, Wealth, Dominion, Honour, Fame?

Idéal Nothings; a mere empty Name;

Thin, swelling Bubbles, looking big to Sight,

But unsubstantial as the Shade of Night:

The Mist of Time; in which incessant play,

Fashion, and Pride, the Pageants of a Day,

And

And with their shining Glosses tempt the Mind,  
 From Objects more remote, but more refin'd;  
 Virtue they sully, Sense with Pleasure feed,  
 And, like a Meteor, to Destruction lead.  
 The Pomp of Majesty, the Pride of State,  
 The splendid Rust of Time, now out of Date,  
 The tow'ring Pyramid, the glitt'ring Dome,  
 The shining Wonders of the Age to come,  
 The World's great Deity, and the whole Brood,  
 Of flatt'ring, false, imaginary, Good,  
 Shall perish; all to common Soil shall turn,  
 And, mix'd in undistinguish'd Ruin, burn.  
 Fair Mourner grieve no more; your Sorrow cease,  
 For your own Sake, and as your God you'd please;  
 Now, now exert your utmost Strength of Mind,  
 To stem the Torrent; which if unconfin'd,  
 Will but the more augment your Pain and Care,  
 And plunge you in the Gulph of black Despair;  
 All

All Care and Thought the Pilot lays aside,  
 When in the Port his Bark doth safely ride ;  
 But when in Danger on the Main's broad Road,  
 When Storms and Rocks an instant Ruin bode,  
 When swelling Tides rôll high and shade the Day,  
 And Moon and Stars refuse the guiding Ray,  
 With double Pain and Care, 'tween Hopes and <sup>[Fears,</sup>  
 He eyes each rising Wave, and cautious steers.



The

THE  
PROPHETIC BEE.

**F**LORELLA, under Mamma's Care,  
Breath'd the pure, wholesom, Country Air,  
And smil'd, and blush'd, to think so near  
The Virgin's Wish, a fifteenth Year :  
Her prudent Parents often read,  
One sober Lecture to her *Head*.

" How pleas'd they were she had not known,

" The Follies of a wicked Town !

" That all their Thoughts had been confin'd,

" To store, with what was good, her Mind :

And

D

" Hoped



“ Hoped she would not do, or know,

“ What *Lucy* did, some Months ago ;

“ And wish’d, in the Decline of Life,

“ To see her make a frugal Wife !”

But, while her Tutors thus impart,

Their Precepts never reach’d the *Heart* :

For Beaus, and Belles, and Sages, tell,

Her Heart on other Things did dwell ;

On Balls, and Plays, and Love, and Fashion,

More suited to her ruling Passion.

*Florella*, prudently, had weigh’d

Her Taste, with what her Mother said :

She heard the Bounds of Law and Duty,

Yet study’d more the Pow’r of Beauty ;

Once in a Week read Holy Writ,

But slept, each Night, with *Congreve’s* Wit.

In short, *Florella* thought her Age,

Not grave enough to act the Sage ;

And,

And, therefore, eagerly purso'd  
 What Nature, Whim, and Folly shew'd.  
 She learnt, betimes, to furl the Fan,  
 To laugh, and ogle, with her Man;  
 Her Dress, her Air, with studious Art,  
 Were taught her Wishes to impart;  
 She try'd by Action, Word, and Feature,  
 To be a lovely, flirting, Creature.  
 In that soft Month, when Virgins, fir'd  
 With Fashion's Charms, are new attir'd;  
 When cautious Prudes in Whispers tell,  
 The Ills that luckless Prudes befall;  
 The gay *Florella* left her Room,  
 To view the Flowers op'ning Bloom.  
 Along the Garden, saunt'ring, stray'd,  
 The self-admiring, thoughtless, Maid;  
 Where, meeting *Flora* in the Way,  
 Join'd, Arm in Arm, with chearful *May*;

She glanc'd Contempt; nor here could rest,  
 But pluck'd the Posy from her Breast.  
 An early *Rose*, spring's *Luxury*,  
 Which courts, and pleases ev'ry Eye,  
 A rival *Tulip*, deck'd with Grace,  
 The first in Title as in Place,  
 A *Stock*, that scents the vernal Air,  
 A *Vi'let* sweet, *Narcissus* fair,  
 A dappled *Pink*, with many more,  
 From off their native Stems she tore.—  
 The Wanton smil'd—she gaz'd—she frown'd—  
 Then threw her Garland on the Ground;  
 Her Smiles, her Frowns, her Look intent,  
 Spoke, plain as Language, what she meant:  
 With Voice distinct they seem'd to say,  
 “ Go, short-liv'd Pageants of a Day!  
 “ Go, seek some other Nymph to grace,  
 “ Your Charms, more blooming than her Face;  
 No

" No Sweets that scent the various Wreath,

" Can equal, sure, *Florella's* Breath !

" No blushing Rose, no Lilly fair,

" Can with *Florella's* Face compare !

" In vain you flourish in your Bow'r,

" Each Shepherd owns and feels my Pow'r."

Just then a Bee (to talk like *Gay*)

In search of Sweets was on his Way ;

Clung to an Hyacinth, from whence

Observant, as a Bee of Sense,

He gaz'd around ; survey'd the Fair,

Her beauteous Form, her giddy Air ;

And while, with Pity, glow'd his Breast,

Thus he his Sentiments express'd.

" Unthinking Maid ! an Emblem see,

" Of what your future Fate may be !

" That Beauty, when familiar grown,

" Will cease to wound ; each Fop may own,



- " May feel it's Pow'r too, but yet,  
 " What Skin can fix a male-Coquet?  
 " Beaus will behold you, as a Flow'r,  
 " A pretty Play-thing for an Hour;  
 " And he whose Bosom Virtue warms,  
 " Thinks red and white are feeble Charms;  
 " But what if (once your Pride subdu'd)  
 " The trifling Coxcomb dares be rude?  
 " What, if his Vanity you bless?  
 " And the whole Woman yield to Dress?  
 " Your Charms, alas! will then be found,  
 " As Garlands, with'ring on the Ground:  
 " Your Beauty, as a faded Flow'r,  
 " Long sever'd from it's native Bow'r,  
 " No more will blush upon your Cheek,  
 " But, drooping, your Dishonour speak;  
 " Shunning, and shunn'd, by ev'ry Eye,  
 " Contemn'd you'll live, unhonour'd die."



To Mr. G. S \* \* \* \*

Landskip-Painter.

**A** Bard, unknown to Fame, and Public-view,  
 Ventures to give, what to Desert is due ;  
 From th' *Aonian* Grove, a Laurel brings,  
 And, as he decks your Brow—this Strain he sings.  
 Hail Artift! who the way to please hath found,  
 And fix the *British* Taste, to *English* Ground.  
 No more, for *Raphael's* Out-lines, *Visto* sighs,  
 Nor *Titian's* Landskip views, with partial Eyes ;  
 Thy Beauties, *Albion's* own, we now receive,  
 And, to a *Briten*, *Rome* the Crown must give ;  
 Each pow'rful way to charm we trace in you,  
 Guided by Genius, and Example too.

Bred

Bred up in *Nature's* School, the lib'ral Maid,  
 Calls you her Son, and gives you heav'nly Aid,  
 An inward Light; by which, the Means you find,  
 At once, to paint thy Worth, and please the Mind;  
 Unlike, those bold Contenders for a Name,  
 Who, on the Works of others, build their Fame;  
 With servile Praise they court the *antique* Goût,  
 And, only shew us, what *Apelles* drew.

Some, with the great, or big Sublime, surprise,  
 Content, to earn Applause, from vulgar Eyes:  
 The gaping Crowd, unthinkingly, admire  
 Storms, Ruins, Shipwrecks, Battles, Frost, and [Fire.  
 Your softer Pencil can the *Critic* move,  
 Call forth his Skill, and force him to approve.  
 With Looks, intent, he scans the op'ning Glade;  
 The well-contrasted Group, of Light and Shade;  
 The local Colour, natural, and free;  
 The Touches light, that moving seem to be;

The



The Objects, well arraing'd, and aptly chose;  
 The yellow Sky, a neighboring Shade's Repose;  
 The Fore-ground richly wrought, with choicest <sup>[Hues:]</sup>  
 And, Grace, which, thro' the whole, its Beauty <sup>[shews.]</sup>  
 Whene'er the Muse, or Friends, invited, view,  
 Those flowing Lines, your rising Genius drew,  
 A new Creation courts our roving Sight,  
 And Scene contends with Scene, to give Delight.  
 Here, rural Beauties captivate the Eye,  
 Clad in their native Charms, Simplicity;  
 The homely Shepherd, and his Flock, appear,  
 Dress'd in their Garb, as in the Fields they were.  
 See! how yon' Rock displays its barren Side!  
 Lo! near, the polish'd River seems to glide!  
 There! in the flow'ry Mead, a chosen Band,  
 (Plain, honest Swains, bred up in Freedom's Land,)  
 With Music, pass away the social Hour,  
 Contented with the Blessings in their Pow'r.

Yon'

Yon' shrubby Hill!—yon' Vale! so gay appear,  
 That *Clelia* looks, and wishes he was there;  
*Cynthia* beholds the secret Shade, and sighs;  
*Phyllis*, the distant Church, with eager Eyes:  
 The Forest *Riss* strikes with awful Fear  
 He looks within, while *Chloe* lends her Ear,  
 Hoping that warbling *Philomel* is near.  
 Happy the Man! (cries *Colander*) whose Lot,  
 Kind Heav'n has fix'd, to dwell upon that Spot,  
 That peaceful Spot, where Trees are ever green,  
 And that cool Brook looks always so serene;  
 Where those fair Shrubs wear a perpetual Bloom,  
 And that proud Grove retains its pleasing Gloom.  
 O! still, great Master! thus affect our Heart,  
 And shew the Wonders of your matchless Art:  
 Long may you live to paint, and we contend,  
 Who most, and best, your Works shall recom-

[mend.]

Ab!

Ah ! let not drooping Pity see, and mourn,  
 \* Another Brother from the Public torn ;  
 Let her not feel, a second Loss, too soon,  
 A brighter Sun, eclips'd by Death, at Noon ;  
 Ye *Parcæ*, lengthen out his Thread ; his Days,  
 Be colour'd, only, with the Lights of Praise ;  
 May Envy never blast his blooming Fame !  
 Nor Censure fully what it cannot blame !  
 And may, O! S\*\*\*\*, this Monument supply,  
 The mimic Bust ! nor fall when you shall die !  
 May these few Lines, nor Death, nor Time invade,  
 But speak your Merit, when your Landskips fade :  
 May they outvie, in Praise, the breathing Stone !  
 And plant you Laurels, where you least are <sup>[known]</sup>

\* Alludes to the Death of Mr. I. S\*\*\*\*, who died the  
 29th of July, 1764.

Ad-



Addressed to certain

# P R U D E S.

**G**REAT Men, when injur'd in their Fame,  
Their Honour, Fortune, or their Name,

Seldom themselves, in Person, go,

The Merits of the Cause to know,

But, with full Pow'r to try it, send

Their servile Parasite, or Friend;

Thus I —————

Nor blame me, Ladies, if I chuse,

To send to you an Infant-Muse;

Who,



Who, as my Representative,  
 Wishes you all that Heav'n can give;  
 But adds : She is surpris'd to see,  
 In Minds so soft, such *Prudery*,  
 A little Pride, not too refin'd,  
 Looks sweet, with Modesty combin'd;  
 Reserve is, in Defence display'd,  
 A Shield that well becomes a Maid;  
 But, to imagine scornful Glances,  
 Big Looks, and such like squeamish Fancies,  
 Will ever of the World obtain,  
 Esteem, and Reverence, is vain.  
 Tell me then, Fair-ones, tell me why?  
 You hang the Lip? contract the Eye?  
 Or why, *Narcissus*-like, you prove,  
 Yourselfes the Objects to your Love?  
 At Noon, not distant far from Home,  
 About the verdant Mead you roam;

At

At Eve', along the stony Steep,  
 Of some high Hill, you guide your Feet;  
 But if at Eve, or Noon, you spy  
 That Creature, Man, away you fly;  
 So far you fly, we need have Glaffes,  
 To reach the Features of your Faces.  
 The painted Butter-Fly, in Spring,  
 Thus, restless, ever on the Wing,  
 Is scarce beheld, when out of Sight,  
 She speeds, with Haste, her airy Flight;  
 In this, perhaps, you imitate  
 The *Partbians*; who, as Books relate,  
 Would often gain a Victory,  
 By seeming basely for to fly.  
 Whence else can spring your quaint Aversion?  
 Our Conversation? Dress? or Person?  
 Say, should we carve upon the Trees,  
 Your lisped Names? or, on our Knees,

Swear

Swear, that by you we live, or die?  
 Your Teeth are Pearl, or Ivory?  
 Protest, your Voice enchants our Ears,  
 Like the fam'd Music of the Spheres?  
 Or, act the various frantic Tricks,  
 Of Lovers, when they've lost their Wits? —  
 Well, trust me, if your Modesty,  
 Is of so high a Quality,  
 As only to be made a Prize,  
 By Vows, and Tears, and artful Sighs,  
 Let others storm it; as for me,  
 I hate this weak Artillery, —  
 But Ladies — why, pray hide your Eyes?  
 Oh, Sir, 'tis modest quite, and wise. —  
 Indeed! suppose you too affect,  
 The philosophic Dialect;  
 And tell us how, in learned Lore,  
 Above the Milky-Way to soar:



So *wise* ! and bless'd with each *coy Air* !

*Sullen* ! and *modest* ! *proud* ! and *fair* !

No wonder, as the *Indian Queen*,

You deem it Treason to be seen :

Perhaps, a Look, is an Asperſion,

Upon the Neatneſs of your Perſon ;

And full as bad, as if by Rules,

We went about to prove you Fools.

O ! all ye little Gods of Love,

Who boaſt you conquer mighty Jove,

If you have any Eye, or Ear,

An humble Suitor daigns to hear ;

May all Imperious Fair-Ones find,

To meet their Wiſhes, none inclin'd !

May none be ſubject to their Sway,

Nor any of their Laws obey !



# DISAPPOINTMENT.

## ODE the FIRST.

### I.

**B**EAUTY, who charm'ft each ravish'd Sense,  
 With thy harmonious Excellence,  
 Thou best of human Joys !  
 Have I not sought thy soothing Pow'rs ?  
 How oft has Fancy pleas'd my Hours,  
 With all your glitt'ring Toys ?

### II.

Have I not, *Sapbo*, felt thy Strains,  
 Run thrilling thro' my beating Veins ?  
 Or, gaz'd at *Pindar's* Flight ?

Have

Have I not glow'd at *Shakeſpear's* Fire ?  
And heard thee, *Handel*, ſtrike the Lyre,  
With exquisite Delight ?

III.

Tell me, my Heart, has *Raphael's* Line,  
Or *Titian's* Hues, and Grace divine,  
Ne'er ſhook thy tender Frame ?  
Or ſay, has not fair *Cblöe's* Charms,  
Fill'd thee with ſmiling Love's Alarms,  
And lighted up his Flame ?

IV.

Yes *Beauty*, yes, I own thy Sway ;  
If you command, I muſt obey ;  
Uſurper in my Breſt !  
Yet now, reflecting, irkſom Thought  
Maintains, your Joys are dearly bought ;  
Nor priz'd, when once poſſeſt.

V.

The Pleasure of the sprightly Note,  
How soon it tires ! how soon forgot !

As soon the solemn Air !

The Muse, oft toy'd with, cloy's the Mind ;

We read a second Time, and find,

Her Charms less soft, less fair.

VI.

Dear Novelties alone impart,

Blith Pleasure to the human Heart ;

Restless, we these pursue :

Tir'd with the last, we blame our Fate,

Despise the Joy that pleas'd of late,

Then fly to catch the New.

VII.

And wilt thou, *Knowledge*, tempting Fruit !

Engage me in a vain Pursuit ?

Why then I must confess ;

He



He who digs deep, the Truth to know,  
Opens a bitter Source of Woe ;  
And Science, is but Guefs.

VIII.

Oft have I try'd, but try'd in vain,  
A wish'd-for *Certainty* to gain,  
Still hid the Object lies ;  
Something indeed draws on the Mind ;  
We search — and by that searching find,  
Heav'n, here, the Gem denies.

IX.

Just so, with loss of Time and Thought,  
The treach'rous Chymic-Gold is sought,  
A grand Experiment !  
Till tir'd, the simple Wretch, more wise,  
Gives up the shadowy fancy'd Prize,  
To mourn his Treasures spent.



X.

But lo ! where *Pleasure*, soft, and young,  
Join'd with the *Chorus*, skims along,  
And strews the Ground with Flow'rs :  
Or see ! where, with a wanton Air,  
Her Tresses loose, her Bosom bare,  
She leads to *Cupid's* Bow'rs.

XI.

Delusive Blifs ! grand cruel Cheat !  
*Fruition* does our Hopes defeat :  
*Experience* says to all ;  
The Goods to come may promise more,  
But will, as those that went before,  
Prove Honey mixt with Gall,

XII.

The beardless Boy, by Fancy led,  
Spies on the Mead a Rain-bow spread ;  
And seeks a nearer View :

But

But as he runs, he frets, and cries,  
To see the Phantasm from him flies,  
Yet tempts him to pursue.

XIII.

Give o'er *Philander*: once believe,  
Life's Bliss, and gaudy Shews, deceive;  
Quit, quit, a fruitless Race:  
Whene'er we overtake the Prey,  
Th' *Idéal* Pleasure glides away,  
And mocks our toilsom Chase.



# ASPIRATION.

## ODE the SECOND.

I.

**W**HY, my soft am'rous Passions, do you <sup>[glow,</sup>  
 At earthly Scenes? why cleave to <sup>[Things below ?</sup>  
 Away, from Folly's Path, from Pleasure's Seat ;  
 Away, from Pow'r's Domain, from Beauty's <sup>[Throne ;</sup>  
 My Thoughts now venture from your low Re- <sup>[treat,</sup>  
 And soar to reach the *infinite Unknown*.

II. Where



II. VI

Where shall I find him ? how direct the Eye,  
Through boundless Scenes of vast Immensity ?  
I reason ; yet in vain : my doubtful Guide,  
Leads me to Mazes, dark, and intricate,  
Only to mortify my daring Pride ;  
And points the Myst'ries, of the present State.

III. V

Come good, almighty, glorious Excellence,  
Dispel the Gloom, and nearer strike my Sense ;  
A *Shechinah* divine I would behold ;  
Or let me, silent, list'ning, trembling hear,  
That still instructive Voice, which spoke of old,  
And utter'd Wisdom in a *Samuel's* Ear.

IV. By



IV.

By Eagle's Pinions borne, plac'd let me be,  
 On *Sinai's* Mount; and there thy Glory see:  
 O! for an Angel's Wing to quit this Sphere;  
     Roll'd up in Clouds, fain would my longing <sup>[Soul,</sup>  
 Something, about thy matchless Greatness hear,  
     While sov'reign Grace should all my Fears <sup>[controul.</sup>

V.

It cannot lie: the Soul immur'd must lie,  
 Within the Prison of Mortality;  
 She, only through the Avenues of Sense,  
     Can view, like fleeting Shadows of the Night,  
 Faint Glimm'ring of divine Intelligence,  
     And hears from Faith, what is deny'd to Sight.

VI. Yet

VI.

Yet one important Moment shall remove,  
 The gloomy Vail, and shew me him I love :  
 Yes, Death will lead me from my dread Abode;  
 Then, thro' thick Clouds and Darkness shall I <sup>[rise,</sup>  
 Up to the secret Dwelling of my God,  
 And see his Splendor with immortal Eyes.



HOPE.

## H O P E.

## ODE the THIRD.

## I.

**L**O! said *Horatio*, to his Friend,  
 Spring comes to clothe yon' Bow'rs;  
 Soft Gales, and rosy Dews attend,  
 To animate our Flow'rs;  
 No longer Winter's fullen Train,  
 Oppress with Storms the drooping Plain;  
 Nature, restored, bids the Tyrant fly,  
 Chear's ev'ry Mead, and gilds anew the Sky.

II. So

II. VI

So shall our tranquil State appear,  
 When Life's dark Hours are o'er ;  
 Eternal Bloom adorn each Year,  
 And Storms succeed no more :  
 Then, in the Mansions of the Blest,  
 Smiles one long vernal Day of Rest ;  
 Where due Reward's creative Pow'r bestows,  
 Where, Man no dread Reverse of Season knows.

III.

Else, why pursue we here below,  
 Wisdom, with restless Pains ?  
 Whence comes the Appetite to *know* ?  
 That yields so little Gains ?  
 Opinion, Int'rest, Passion, bind,  
 In servile Chains, the active Mind ;  
 Or carping Care, or want of Means, or Toil,  
 Will check its Growth upon a gen'rous Soil.

IV. Why



IV.

Why does *Amintor's* Breast deplore,  
 What grieves the public Ear?  
 Or, why on private Mis'ry pour,  
 The sympathetic Tear?  
 Yet Slaves his gen'rous Views controul,  
 Or turn the Current of his Soul;  
 Or, Penury ordains a Life obscure,  
 And ranks him in the Annals of the Poor.

V.

Tell us, *Lothario*, whence the Dread,  
 Of Non-Existence springs?  
 Why fear to die? or why are fed,  
 Fond Hopes of future Things?  
 Why should Life's Scenes our Wishes cheat,  
 First raise, and then our Hopes defeat?  
 Why do we taste Allays of present Good?  
 The Faculties still crave, still loath their Food.

V. It

VI.

It must be so — when Death unties,

Or cuts Life's slender Knot,

Another Scene will then arise,

Another After-Plot.

Then, freed from grosser Dregs of Sense,

Then, rais'd to higher Excellence,

The Soul, shall exercise her nobler Pow'rs,

And, in proportion'd Action, spend her Hours.

VII.

*Crito*, a-while, a little while,

Our Bark in Storms must ride,

Then lo! a kinder Sun shall smile,

And threat'ning Waves subside.

Unenvy'd Joys, in gentle Gales,

Shall, sportive, play among the Sails;

Pleasure refined will our Course attend,

Nor shall I fear to lose a faithful Friend.

The

## The APOLOGY.

To Miss P. L \* \* D.

**A**S *Momus* after Dinner sat,  
 Laughing at this, or blaming that,  
 Prophet, he said, suppose you take,  
 A Glass or two, for *Stella's* sake;  
 Then boldly ask *Apollo's* Aid,  
 To praise, in Verse, the fav'rite Maid.  
 Pleas'd with the Thought, I nam'd my Lads,  
 And put about the social Glass;  
 This done, into my Room retir'd;  
 And there, with Love, and Wine inspir'd,

Low



Low bow'd before the Muse's Shrine,  
 And loud invok'd the sacred Nine.  
 But, whether that the sparkling Juice,  
 Was not design'd for Pöet's Use ;  
 Or, that the scanty, shallow Draught,  
 Was not enough to raise a Thought ;  
 Or, whether *Phæbus*, in his Ire,  
 Had blasted the poetic Fire ;  
 Whate'er the Cause, for Wit, in vain,  
 Thro' Books I search'd, and rack'd my Brain ;  
 The more I thought, the more I found,  
 My reeling Fancy run a-ground.  
 In this dull State, my Muse deny'd,  
 By *Pegasus*, one single Ride ;  
 One jaunt to *Helicon*, I frown, I fret,  
 Stamp, stir the Fire, and, in a Pet,  
 Discard my Pen ; — go, Miscreant, go —  
 Will you rebèl ? are you my Foe ?



What ! can you no Conceit devise,  
 On *Stella's* Teeth, or Shape, or Eyes ?  
 Come, any thing ; write but with Ease,  
 A Song, an Epigram will please ;  
 No matter what ; the Toy she'll take,  
 Nor blush to keep it, for my Sake.  
 The Pen, half-smiling, Silence broke,  
 And, smoothing down his Beard, thus spoke :  
 Master, I wait for your Command ;  
 Then came submissive to my Hand.  
 Well, now compos'd, again I sue,  
 Again, my Pray'rs and Toil renew ;  
 Yet, after waiting long, the Muse,  
 Could only *this APOLOGY* produce ;  
 Accept it, *STELLA*, it will shew,  
 If not my Wit, my Love for you.  
 You ask me, why unstrung the Lyre ?  
 And, why your Charms cannot inspire ?

Why,

Why, in soft harmonious Strains,  
 Your Beauty, still, unfung remains?  
 I might alledge the want of Time;  
 And, what is worse, the want of Rhyme:  
 I might, by way of Plea, relate,  
*Apelles* drew, and met his Fate:  
 But, as a Friend may Freedom use,  
 Nor needs the frivolous Excuse,  
 I own, that such a blooming Face,  
 My well-meant Daubings would disgrace;  
 That Wit, like yours, itself must tell,  
 How far, you, other Belles excel.  
 Could I, in Out-lines clear and strong,  
 Design, like *Pope*, or paint like *Young*,  
 Why, then, fair *Stella*, you should shine,  
 As *Landstown's Mira*, all divine,  
*Cupid*, I quickly would command,  
 To put his Arrows in your Hand;

I'd summon *Tbetis* from the Sea,  
 With all her Maids, to make you Tea;  
 Call from their Hills, the tuneful *Nine*,  
 To give you Music, while you dine;  
 And *Mercury*, should not refuse,  
 To pen your Songs, or Billet Doux:  
 In short, each Goddess, Nymph, and Grace,  
 Who ride on Clouds, thro' boundless Space,  
 Should mellow Virgin-Tints prepare,  
 To trick you off, in matchless Air:  
 For, if we undertake, in Verse,  
 A Lady's Beauty to rehearse,  
 'Tis not enough, you know, to strike,  
 The Contours true, the Features like;  
 But, as with modern Bards, we see,  
 A *Venus* must the *Model* be.  
 Unable, then, with Strength and Grace,  
 To sing, what *Hogarth* cannot trace:

Unwilling



Unwilling to offend your Eye,  
 With Sketches, drawn by Flattery,  
 I wave the Theme : yet Friendship chose,  
 These few kind Wishes as a Close :  
 May your good Humour never fail,  
 Nor fretful Spleen your Heart assail !  
 May Heav'n, thro' Life, his Aid afford,  
 To guard your Health, to bless your Board !  
 May Nature, all her Skill bestow,  
 To make your Charms, still fairer grow !  
 And, when the Glass of Time displays,  
 Faded, the Pride of *former* Days,  
 May *Pöets* still, a Subject find,  
 And paint the Beauties of your *Mind* !



## An EPIGRAM.

**O**NCE *Will*, and I, were Hand and Glove,  
 We drank our Bottle, talk'd of Love,  
 Together walk'd; and, at a Tréat,  
 Were sure to nestle *Tête à Tête* :  
 But, strange! this *Will* of late, has bred,  
 New Maxims in his fertile Head,  
 He goes to shun my friendly Door,  
 A Mile out of his Way, or more :  
 Ask him to dine; you'll hear him say,  
 Excuse me, Sir — I cannot stay —  
 And take his Lodgings, in your Rout,  
 The Man is sick — or, just gone out. —

Say,

Say, Muse, whence springs this sudden Change?

Is *Will*, by Nature, prone to range?

No, no — another Cause is found,

*Will* heard you wanted fifty Pound;

And, fearing, lest your Suit may be

To him, he shuns your Company:

Remove that Fear, and soon you'll find,

Your Friend, as usual, free, and kind.



## The INSENSIBLE

## A S O N G.

## I.

**T**HIR SIS, a kind, and artless Youth,  
 Pursues, with Fervency, and Truth,  
*Cblöe*, divinely fair;  
 She, sweetly innocent, and gay,  
 Will talk to him, the live-long Day,  
 But, with a careless Air.

## II. To



II. VI

To Love's soft Tale, the gentle Maid,  
Will lend a willing Ear, 'tis said,  
And listen for a while :  
Yet *Chlöe*, sure, will only prove,  
The Joys of *Friendship*, not of *Love* ;  
So, answers with a Smile.

III.

The Swain complains, he is not blest,  
While *Chlöe*, in her frigid Breast,  
The soft Return conceals :  
Always too easy, never kind,  
To him, *insensible*, and blind ;  
Nor thinks what *Thirsis* feels.

IV.



## IV. II

*Cblöe*, be kind ; in time refrain,  
 To fill the gen'rous Mind, with Pain ;  
 A Secret I'll impart : :  
 With gentle Looks, your Lover meet,  
 Be tender, yielding, yet discreet ;  
 This, this, will keep his Heart.



# The COMPARISON.

## A S O N G.

**T**HEY tell me that *Phillis*, is witty, and fair,  
 That sweet is her Voice, and ingaging <sup>[her Air]</sup>  
 But can she, like *Emma*, this Maxim pursue,  
 To be witty, and gay—yet be innocent too.

### II.

If, to kill a dull Hour, I go to the Ball,  
 The dancing of *Phillis*, is praised by all;  
 Yet, sure, there is nothing, but *Emma* will do;  
 For she'll gracefully dance, and be innocent too.

### III.

III.

Young *Damon* I met, t'other Day, on the Road,  
He boasted of Favours by *Phillis* bestow'd ;  
And *Emma*, (believe me) tho' grave, on a Few,  
Will Favours confer—yet be innocent too.

IV.

They say, that where *Phillis* but darts her bright <sup>[Eyes,</sup>  
A Conquest is gain'd, and the Prisoner dies ;  
But, *Emma* will look, and no Danger ensue,  
For, what if she wounds ? she'll be innocent too.

V.

*Lucetta*, the Maid of fair *Phillis*, declares, <sup>[snares ;</sup>  
That, whom her Heart thinks on, her Beauty in-  
And I can tell him, who dear *Emma* loves you,  
Because you are handsom, and innocent too.

VI.



## VI.

No longer attempt then, ye Bards, or ye Beaus,  
 The Praises of *Phillis*, in Verse, or in Prose,  
 But, turn, pray, your Eyes, and my *Emma* well-<sup>[view,</sup>  
 She is all that is lovely; and innocent too.





LA CONGÈ

A PASTORAL - SONG.

I.

**N**OR trouble me more with your Love—

A Sentence, so harsh, who can bear ?

I tell it to every Grove ;

I tell it, to cure my Despair.

Ah! why was she shewn to my Sight ?

Or, why did I fondly admire ?

Why sue to an Angel of Light ?

And believe — what I could but desire.

II.

II. VI

My Minutes were happily spent,  
 When *CLARA* her Passion would own;  
 I tasted the Sweets of Content,  
 Nor wanted a Theme when alone;  
 But, now, from the Shepherds I stray,  
 From their Converse, and Pastimes, refrain;  
 My Flocks are neglected all Day,  
 And the Night but increases my Pain.

III.

Ye Lovers, attend to my Lay!  
 I know now the Cause of my Woes;  
 Young *Florimel*, ruddy, and gay,  
 Last Wake-time, undid my Repose:  
 He, then, with my *Clara* was seen;  
 Where, where was I gone, those few Hours?  
 I hear, how he danc'd on the Green,  
 And crown'd her with Chaplets of Flow'rs.

IV.

IV.

O! you, who have seen this young Swain;  
 And Clara, now false, yet still fair;  
 My Story is told you in vain,  
 If you do not, of Rivals, beware.  
 Remember, each Moment improve,  
 Nor, carelessly, fan the soft Fire,  
 You may lose, in an Hour, that Love,  
 Which will cost you an Age, to inspire.



An



## An E P I T A P H.

Occasioned by the Death of a Lady's  
FAVORITE-DOG.

**H**ERE *Pompey* lies : of whom, no <sup>[can say,</sup> Tongue  
He, for a Woman, threw a World away :  
Yet, though secure from War, and Broils of State,  
From *Cleopatra's* Charms, and *Cæsar's* Hate ;  
By a *kind Mistress* lov'd, and over-fed,  
In Luxury, an idle Life he led ;  
And, when, his worn-out Stomach could not eat,  
The grateful Fondling dy'd, beneath her Feet.

Alas ! poor *Pompey*.



## The INVITATION.

To Mr. JOHN B\*\*S—LY.

**D**EAR Friend, now, on her downy Wing,  
 Is come, with gentle Gales, the Spring :  
 With Sap *Favonius* fills the Vines,  
 Sly Swains have *chose* their Valentines,  
 The Meadows smile, the Groves rejoice,  
 Soft *Phil* begins to tune her Voice ;  
 The twitt'ring Swallow now returns,  
 And, restless, still for *Itys* mourns ;  
 Green are the Fields, sweet smell the Flow'rs,  
 The Mornings mild, and short the Show'rs ;

Now,

Now, Gardens all their Charms disclose ;  
 Half-blushing, swells, the modest Rose :  
 The Dairies, too, afford good Chear ;  
*B\*n\*ny* foretells a fruitful Year ;  
*Bet'* brings her Plenty forth, and now,  
 For Sillabubs, she drains her Cow.  
 Thus *Nature* calls ; her Voice obey ;  
 By me, she chides your long Delay ;  
 By me, she bids you quit the Town,  
 For Pleasures, you may call your own ;  
 Fly City-Joys, with those of Courts,  
 And hail Content, in Country-Sports.  
 Make haste, and to our Cots repair ;  
 Here, you may brêath, pure wholesom Air ;  
 Here, in the Fields, the Plain, the Grove,  
 You may new Arts, new Pleasures prove :  
 Here, Faithfulness, and Friendship, dwell ;  
 And Modesty, has here a Cell :

Here, you will unmolested be,  
 From Vice, from Noise, and Business, free ;  
 Here, réal Bliss may taste, or give,  
 And, with strict Truth be said—to live.  
 Come, let our *Sussex-Downs* delight ;  
 And *Good-wood-Park* detain thy Sight :  
 Come, view what *Stoke* (much praised) yields,  
 Fruitful, as famous *Tempe's* Fields :  
 Come, let us point where *Selfea* stood ;  
 Or, ride to *Charlton's* shady Wood :  
 Through Vales, together, let us stray ;  
 Or, try the steep, and craggy Way :  
 Seek out, refreshing, cool Retreats,  
 From Summer's hásty Rains, and Heats ;  
 In *Kingly-Bottom*, let us lye,  
 And learn, the hárdest Task —to dye.  
 Sometimes, the Muse with you will rôam,  
 (Nor fear to wander far from Home,)

By



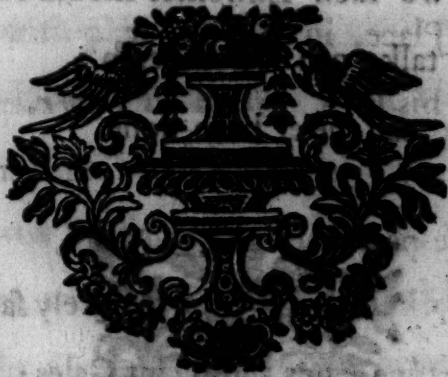
By drowsy *Làvant's* shallow Springs;  
 Which, yet, an annual Tribute brings;  
 The placid Stream, if unconfin'd,  
 Flows-on, and leaves its Wealth behind.  
 Sometimes, we'll seek the chrystal Brook,  
 Throw out the Line, and silver Hook,  
 Where *Haughton's* Scenes betray the Eye,  
 And shew a rich Variëty.  
 Sometimes, perchance, our shifted Rounds,  
 May lye throughout the Farmers Grounds,  
 To get a Stomach, by a Walk,  
 Or, pass an Hour, in idle Talk:  
 And here we, too, for *Game* may go,  
 Ha, hush! the *Echo* whispers—no.  
 She only speaks indeed to *me*:  
 Well, be it so—we still are free—  
 Lords of ourselves, can shun their Lands,  
 And, look contempt, on servile Bands;



Though stripp'd of ev'ry Good, may find,  
 True Pleasures, in an upright Mind.  
 He, who can form, in ev'ry State,  
 Of Things, a proper Estimate;  
 Who, in himself, a Conquest gains,  
 And, each wild Appetite restrains,  
 This Man will never break the Laws,  
 Yet, fears no vile, restraining Clause:  
 Let Plots, and Factions, shake the State,  
 Disturb, the *many*, and the *Great*,  
 At ev'ry Place, in ev'ry Hour,  
 He finds his Bliss, *within his Pow'r*.  
 So you, my Friend, whose Mind, serene,  
 Injoys the peaceful, golden Mean,  
 Whose Bark, through Life, securely sails,  
 Now Fortune sends indulgent Gales;  
 Whether, in stately Rooms, you rest,  
 Or, dwell, with Poverty, a Guest,

Whether

Whether, you drink poor *Sabine*-Wine,  
 And, on the well-rubb'd Trencher dine,  
 Or, whether burning Sands you tread,  
 Or, on the Wood-land; make your Bed,  
 Whatever Pastimes crown the Day,  
 Though long the Stage, and rough the Way,  
 Contented, you, I know, will share,  
 Our Rustic-Sports, and Country-Fare.



## An EPIGRAM.

On two SISTERS.

**S**Trange ! that, in Souls, so near a-kin,  
 Two such Extremes should run :  
*Lucy*, to talk, can scarce begin :  
*Nancy*, can ne'er have done.





**NIGHT-PIECE.**

**N**O more, the fulgent Sovereign of Light,  
 Darts, through the World, his animating [Pow'r:  
 No more, with pleasing Objects, glads our Sight,  
 Nor, measures out the busy, social, Hour.

Now, gloomy *Night*, her sable Mantle, wears ;  
 Save that, when, in her solemn dark Domain,  
*Cynthia*, the silver-footed Queen, appears,  
 Temp'ring the Horrors of her drowsy Reign.

And



And see! there, on her silver Carr convey'd;

Amid' a splendid Train, the slowly rôlls:

Hark! how the Scritch-Owl hails the pale-ey'd <sup>[Maid;</sup>

While *Zembla's* savage Brood adore in Howls.

*Orion*, now, displays his ample Shield;

Now, *Charles* spreads out his bright illustrious <sup>[Wane;</sup>

And lo, where *Venus* glitters on yon' Field,

And drives the hov'ring Shadows from the Plain.

How pleasing, when the Cares of Day are o'er,

Beneath this studded, azure Arch, to stray!

Nor, fainting, by the Din, of Flatt'ry's Lore,

Nor, by the Blaze, of Summer's scorching Ray.

While, in the blue Expanse, the spangled Show

Enchants the Eye, smooth is the Lake beneath;

The Night-Worms, under shatter'd Hedges, <sup>[glow;</sup>

The Winds, by *Morpheus* bound, forget, to <sup>[breath.</sup>

The lowing Herd, now, rest their weary Feet ;

Sleep, on their Limbs, lethèan Juices, sheds ;

Intemp'rance, roams not, near their calm Retreat,

Nor, stinging Cares approach, their lowly Beds.

Ha, *Philomel* begins her mournful Song,

Sweetly, she warbles, in the trembling Boughs ;

Ye Echoes, ev'ry dying Note, prolong,

And tell again, her soft melodious Woes.

While Passion's Slaves, now borne on Folly's Tide,

Pursue the Rüin, of the Chaste, and Fair ;

Whilst Reason, by the Statesman, misapply'd,

For Liberty, contrives, the artful Snare.

While some, the gaming Fury, to assuage,

Their Fortune, Honour, Virtue, Peace, con-<sup>[sume ;</sup>

While Sons of Riot, on Life's ill-trod Stage,

In Lust, or Wine, dissolve their youthful Bloom.

Mine be the Choice, to walk with friendly Night,  
 And, by a steady, philosophic Eye,  
 Number the Stars, or, mark the Planets Light,  
 And range, with her, the Circuit of the Sky.

Or, led by Silence, through the lonely Way,  
 Where the dull Yew-tree nods its branchy <sup>[Head,</sup>  
 To read the Sculptor's cold, dull, uncouth Lay,  
 Ingrav'd upon the Mansions, of the Dead.

Hush! whence, that hallow Sound? <sup>[tells One —</sup> the Clock  
 From yonder Village-Fane, it strikes the Ear;  
 The Spells of wither'd Hags are now begun,  
 And light-heel'd Ghosts, in grim Array, appear.

Poor, visionary Thought! no Forms arise,  
 But such as haunt, and lash, the guilty Breast;  
 Or Spectres, that Imagination spies,  
 When Nature shakes, by palsy'd Fear, oppress'd.

Sometimes



Sometimes, indeed, by these pale Gléams of <sup>[Light,</sup>  
 With *Corrydon*, I've seen, his *Phillis* rove;  
 She, looking kind, and clad in stainless White,  
 Hung o'er the Transports, of his artless Love.

Under yon' Hedge, that bounds the furrow'd Land,  
 Combin'd in mutual Confidence, they stood;  
 Or, softly-stealing, glided, Hand in Hand,  
 Along the Purlues, of a neighb'ring Wood.

But, once, my Footsteps chanc'd, to reach their <sup>[Ear,</sup>  
 As, by a rugged Elm, the Pair reclin'd;  
 Sudden, they start, and flying, think they hear,  
 The *Apparition*, purring, close behind.

Then, in the Village, horrid Tales are heard;  
 As how, the Bell, untouch'd, at Midnight <sup>[sounds;</sup>  
 And, how a Ghôst, with Saucer-Eyes, appear'd,  
 To *Corrydon*, on hated *Souchy's* Grounds.



To RICHMOND's Consort, fair in Form, and <sup>[Mind,</sup>

To her, these Strains, peculiarly, belong;

Her sprightly Wit, with solid Reason join'd,

Would scorn, to hear, dull *Superstition's* Song.

Fitted, to shine in Courts, with matchless Grace,

Or, at these peaceful Hours, to tread the Plains,

No Horrors, in her Breast, can find a Place,

No fear, of pinching Elves, nor clanking Chains.

And if, with Goodness, equal to her Pow'r,

She smiles, indulgent, on my humble Lay,

Then *Night*, I still will seek thy shady Bow'r,

Nor, think *your* Charms, less fair, than those of <sup>[Day.</sup>

Polydore

To Honour's Captain, late in Love, and  
To her, whose name, becoming, belongs

---

Would soon to her, dull separation's song  
Tried, to shine in Courts, with matchless Grace

# Polydore and Amanda.

The Honors, in her breast, can find a Place  
No less of pinching Pains, nor chafing Galls

A

And if, with Goodness, equal to her Power,  
I shall find, in her, on a humble Day

# T A L E.

Then I will, I will, I will, I will, I will  
I will, I will, I will, I will, I will, I will

---

POLYDOR

AND AMANDA

# Polydore and Amanda

**W**HERE there's a will there's a way  
Near to the house beneath the tree

Rejoiced once, much praised, a worthy son

**F**AVOURED BY LOVE AND GOOD FORTUNE

His mild and gentle soul, his gentle heart  
Yet promising a noble future

And Polydore, the noble child of Air

Not far from there, within a lowly cot

The good Housewife dwelt, their ready calm

and illuminating in his old mind



P O L Y D O R E

A N D

A M A N D A.

WHERE <sup>[ley strays,</sup> *Thames* along the spacious Val-  
<sup>[cooling Shades,</sup>  
Near to those Bow'rs, beneath whose  
\* *Apollo's Fav'rite* found a calm Retreat,  
Resided once, much prais'd, a worthy Lord.  
Favour'd by Love, two Sons obedient own'd,  
His mild and equal Rule: *Philander* young,  
Yet promising, as when *Aurora* bright,  
With crimson Blushes, ushers in the Day;  
And *Polydore*, the subtle Child of Art.  
Not far from these, within a lowly Cot,  
The good *Horatio* dwelt: there, coolly calm,  
Sat ruminating in his placid Mind,

H

The



The various changing Scenes, of Good and Ill :  
 For all Life's Summer-Season, *Fortune* smil'd ;  
 But, in it's sober Autumn, wanton grew ;  
 Blasted the Bloom of Hope ; and, in his Cup,  
 A Mixture threw, of Poverty and Woe.  
 Yet Heav'n, who looks on Innocence and Truth,  
 With kind Regard, forsook him not.  
 To mitigate the Anguish Want might raise,  
 A tender Wife, and one fair Daughter, liv'd ;  
*Amanda* this, and that *Constantia* call'd.  
 Each, of his Love, possess'd an equal Share,  
 For each had Sense, and Virtue, well refin'd.  
*Constantia*, when the Storm of Grief rose high,  
 Shone mildly on his Weather-beaten Heart.  
 The pleading Look of Gentleness and Love,  
 Beam'd from her Eye : Humility, Content,  
 And meek-ey'd Patience, sat upon her Brow :  
 Her well-tim'd Counsels fell upon his Ear,  
 Mild,

Mild, and refreshing, as the Dew of Heav'n:  
 Her Words, like melting Musick, drown'd the <sup>[Voice,</sup>  
 Of murmuring Despair: and, from her Lips,  
 Love breath'd the eloquent, persuasive, Kiss.  
 Oft' when her Eyes, in Spite of Art, shed Tears,  
 Her Cheek shone out in Smiles; and oft' her <sup>[Tongue,</sup>  
 Express'd a lively Hope of better Days,  
 When inly, most dejected, sore she griev'd.  
 Whatever Ways inventive Fancy forms,  
 Prudence, or thoughtful Reason, could devise,  
 These, for to calm *Horatio's* Mind, she us'd. —  
 Nor less *Amanda* try'd to ease his Pains.  
 Her Parents Joy, and Hope, *Amanda* was.  
 Youth bloom'd upon her Face, as Summer <sup>[Flowers;</sup>  
 And Nature drew with Symmetry exact,  
 Her fair proportion'd Form. Nor stop'd she here;  
 But, in her Bosom fix'd, the tender Heart,  
 The Dignity of Soul, and Wisdom, free

From Affectation, Pride, and cold Reserve,  
 Of her, the Country-Swains, in Raptures, speak;  
 And when, to waste a merry Hour at Eve,  
 In Dance, or Sport, they seek the russet Mead,  
 Or converse hold upon the swelling Mound;  
 If *Philomel*, but tunes her warbling Notes,  
 It is the Softness of *Amanda's* Voice:  
 If the Moon shines, its mild, and pleasing Beam,  
 Sets forth the Blushes of her Modesty:  
 The Fragrance, from the dewy Flow'rs exhal'd,  
 Denotes the Sweetness of her Breath: The Rose,  
 Is the fair Emblem of her fairer Cheek;  
 And the soft Dew, upon the Violet's Edge,  
 Describes the Moisture, on her swelling Lip.  
 The Shepherd, as at Night he tends his Flock,  
 Spread o'er the winding Vale, smote with her <sup>[Charms,</sup>  
 A simple Lay invents, to sooth his Flame.  
 The rustic Clowns, jocund and noisy, toast

Her



Her blooming Beauties, in a brimful Glass.  
 But chiefly *Polydore*, not less inclin'd,  
 Than able to deceive, those Beauties ey'd;  
 And, as he view'd her, fairer than the Spring,  
 Within his Bosom rose Emotions new:  
 Yet not like those which pierc'd the manly Breast,  
 Of gen'rous *Bevil*, when the Orphan-Maid,  
 His *Indiana*, first her Conquest gain'd,  
 And triumph'd o'er his Heart; but such as fill'd  
 The youthful Veins of *Paris*, when he mark'd  
 Fair *Hellen*, blushing at the Altar's Side,  
 His destin'd Prize; nor deem'd the Theft profane.  
 Hence, all his Visits chiefly were adorn'd,  
 With study'd Arts to please. Gifts, he beheld,  
 To move a Woman's Mind, oft' more than Words;  
 And those were silent Orators, he hop'd  
 Would plead his Cause, when apt Discourse might  
*Amanda*, innocent, and free from Guile,



Suspected not his Views; and joy'd to see,  
 Virtue inhabit, in so sweet a Form,  
 That Joy increas'd, as in his Breast she spy'd,  
 The lurking Passion, heaving in a Sigh,  
 Or darting forth, in kind expressive Looks;  
 And to herself she said.—'Should Heav'n see fit,  
 ' To give this gentle Youth unto my Arms,  
 ' How, by my better'd Fortune, might I guard  
 ' From Poverty's bleak Wind, my helpless Sire!  
 ' O! thou invisible, supremely Good,  
 ' Eternal Lord of Nature, and of Man,  
 ' Increase his Love, and make my Parents bless'd.  
 Thus pray'd the pious Maid: and he who smil'd,  
 Indulgent, on his humble Votary,  
 Her Suit receiv'd; nor to the whole refus'd,  
 From Wisdom infinite, a kind Assent.  
 One Summer's Day, to shun the Blaze of Noon,  
 She, from a neighb'ring Forest, Shelter sought;

And

And by the sunless Side, in pensive Mood,  
Walk'd, meditating on her future Fate,  
In the same evil Hour, Chance thither brought,  
The fickle *Polydore*. *Amanda* fair,  
Her, on a rising Bank reclin'd, he found,  
Lost in the Musings of a troubled Mind.  
That very Moment, in his faithless Breast,  
The Purpose dark sprung up: and thus with <sup>[Words,</sup>  
Soft and delusive as his Looks, he spoke.

- ‘ Start not, *Amanda*, at my Presence here ;
- ‘ For, who could see such Beauty in Distress,
- ‘ And not intrude ? Thrice bless'd indeed is he,
- ‘ Who, form'd for sacred Friendship, spends with <sup>[you</sup>
- ‘ The social Hour ; and points out <sup>[Path ;</sup> Pleasure's
- ‘ Or wipes, from Sorrow's Eye, the briny Tear :
- ‘ More bless'd that Swain, who, nearest to your <sup>[Heart,</sup>
- ‘ Sits leaning by your Side, and views those Eyes,
- ‘ Where Beauty shines with unforbidding Smiles'

'Tis now the sultry Hours begin their Reign ;  
 Slow runs yon' murm'ring Brook ; a dazzling <sup>[Blaze</sup>  
 Glides swift athwart the Mead ; and thro' the <sup>[Air,</sup>  
 Scarce felt to move, a sickly Fervor flows.  
 Here then, while Nature holds a silent Calm,  
 Attentive to superior Excellence,  
 Permit the Man, who never yet has found,  
 So sweet a Rose, to trace its Beauty's o'er.  
 How soft this Hand ! too soft to undergo,  
 The rugged Task, impos'd by hardy Want :  
 How bright that Eye ! too bright, to be expos'd,  
 Against the Turbulence of stormy Winds :  
 How fair that Cheek ! too fair a Flow'r to droop,  
 Beneath the scorching Heat of Noon-day Suns :  
 Yet, my *Amanda*, lovely as thou art,  
 Those Charms can ne'er resist the cruel Force,  
 Of hard Necessity, or rigid Time ;  
 Pain, Sicknss, Poverty, and Death severe,

Will



' Will ruin Health, or blast the Bloom of Youth ;  
 ' And each new Morn', will to the hated Point,  
 ' Of wrinkled Age, a Line of Beauty turn :  
 ' To-day, thy Spoke in Fortune's Wheel may rise,  
 ' Which, not made fast, To-morrow it may sink,  
 ' To rise no more : *this* Hour, thou may'st com-<sup>[mand]</sup>  
 ' The winged God ; the next, perhaps, he flies,  
 ' To bless some tawny Beauty near *the Line*.  
 ' Haste then, dear Girl, to meet without Delay,  
 ' My ardent Wish ; the present Moment seize ;  
 ' And, as the cooler Shade invites our Steps,  
 ' There, sighing soft with mutual Languishment,  
 ' Thy Beauties yield to Love, and *Polydore* :  
 ' Nay, weep not, gentle fair-one, since I meant  
 ' To stem, and not increase the Flood of Woe :  
 ' *Amanda*, you are wise, and want not Words  
 ' To tell you, Happiness can never grow,  
 ' Beneath a thorny Weed, the *vulgar Tie* :

“ But



" But happier they, the happiest of their kind,  
 " Whom *softer Bands* unite, and in one Fate  
 " Their Hearts, their Fortunes, and their Beings <sup>[blend :</sup>  
 " 'Tis not the coarser Tie of *human Laws*,  
 " Unnatural oft', and foreign to the Mind,  
 " That binds their Peace, but Harmony itself,  
 " Attuning all their Passions into Love,  
 " Thought meeting Thought, and Will <sup>[sing Will,</sup> prevent-  
 " With boundless Confidence: for nought <sup>[Love,</sup> but  
 " Can answer Love, and render Bliss secure."  
 " Why do you frown? why knit that lovely Brow?  
 " Is Virtue, the weak Gown-man's empty Boast,  
 " More excellent than Riches, Grandeur, Praise?  
 " Or Honour, that thin notional Name,  
 " Better than golden Days, and blissful Nights?  
 " Let the persuasive Feelings of your Heart,  
 " Enforce my Argument. Are you not form'd,  
 " With ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry glowing Charm,

• But

' But to indulge the Pleasures Love suggests;  
 ' Are you not base?—return'd the injur'd Maid.  
 ' Oh! *Polydore*! unjust to' — here she stopp'd.  
 Grief, in a Show'r of Tears, the rest supply'd.  
 A Moment, motionless she stood, as void of Sense;  
 And, trembling, gaz'd, with wild Surprise, around;  
 Like the unhappy *Theban*, when he heard,  
 His History unfolded; and, amaz'd,  
 Perceiv'd himself, th' incestuous Murderer:  
 Or, like a *Shipwreck'd* Wretch, who, all alone,  
 Cast on a shaggy Rock, stands comfortless;  
 And, to the raging Cause of all his Woe,  
 Turns a sad Eye, expressing bitter Pain,  
 And Misery, too great for Art to paint:  
 But, long she stood not: Virtue rais'd a Thought,  
 Urging swift Flight. Recovering, soon she reach'd,  
 With streaming Eyes, her tender Mother's Arms;  
 Then down, with wild tumultuous Joy, she sunk,

Stupid

Stupid and senseless; while her heaving Breast  
Spoke inward Grief unutterable. —

Amaz'd, the Parent view'd her speechless Child;

And ey'd, aghast, the Storm which <sup>[Frame:]</sup> shook her

But, when she knew the Cause, a sickly Pain,

Shot thwart her Heart, before too full of Woe.

Silent, and sad, she, to her Room, retir'd;

And there, (her Grief indulg'd) to *Polydore*,

These moving Lines, with trembling Fingers, <sup>[wrote:]</sup>

How wretched *he*! the easy Tool of Vice,

Whom Lust, false warbling, tempts to lead a Life,

Amidst the Hurry of a guilty World!

Whose Mind, distemper'd, throws off all Restraint;

Who, generous of Heart, yet Passion's Slave,

Gives up each great Design; who, in a round

Of noisy, momentary, vain Delights,

Consumes the *Day*; and, when the Sons of <sup>[Health]</sup>

Lie hush'd in Sleep; beneath the Gloom of Night,

Borne



Borne on the Wings of Fancy, seeks the Breast,  
Of some deluding Fair; where Conscience sleeps;  
Where Honour, faded, lies; and, where Deceit,  
Hid in the Rose, from Folly's Eye conceals,  
The Punishment annex'd to lawless Love:

In other Words; how base that Mind,  
Which once can think, or act, like *Polydore*.

Talk you of *Love*? the friendly, feeling Heart,  
Would be employ'd, in forming better Schemes,  
Than, how to ruin Virtue, in Distress:

Boast you of *Honour*? this is Honour's Test,  
A Title dignify'd by noble Deeds:

Of *Riches*? He is rich, whose ample Soul,

The lib'ral Gift on Poverty bestows;

Or, lends to Misery a falling Tear.

This Stile, perhaps, may, to *your Pride*, <sup>[strange:]</sup> seem

But, what have we to lose? or what to dread?

What to expect from thee, who nothing hast,

Worthy



Worthy the Name of Gift? your *bigger Powers*,  
 Are Prostitutes, to serve the meanest Vice:  
 Your *Favour*, like the treach'rous Mildew, blasts  
 Where most it falls: the Honey of your Words,  
 Imbitter'd with the Gall, disgusts the Taste;  
 Wealthy thou art not; bring poor in Thought;  
 Nor happy; since, around your dear-bought Joys,  
 Foul Envy prouls, and impious Discontent.  
 Seek then, no more, *Amanda* to deceive,  
 Too weak thy Reason, and too gross thy Love,  
 But, should you think *Necessity* may force  
 Our Will to yield, to what it most abhors,  
 You know us not. — Farewel, too thoughtless

[Youth.]

This Letter, noted with *Constantia's* Name,  
 And prefac'd with her Tears, for *Polydore*  
 She sent, unnotic'd, to his Father's House.  
*Himself*, that Instant, coming to the Door,

Receiv'd

Receiv'd it for the Son. By Chance, his Eye  
 Glanc'd on the Hand—a Woman's, and unknown?  
 Paternal Fear, urg'd him to break the Seal.  
 Struck, with the dark Contents, long time the Sire,  
 By Nature form'd to fight for the Distress'd,  
 In silent Wonder paus'd. Then, on his Cheek,  
 Anger display'd her crimson Dye; and Tears,  
 Such as Pity weeps, began to flow:  
 Both he repress'd, resolving how to act.  
 Now, with her Sister Earth, the waning Moon,  
 One monthly Journey scarce had finish'd, when  
*Philander* home, from foreign Climes, return'd;  
 Not, like another rambling Prodigal,  
 With Fortune, Taste, and Manly Views extinct,  
 All lavished away on wild Desires;  
 Nature and Education both combin'd,  
 To form him, like his Sire, with Aspect sweet,

Manners

Manners polite, progressive Virtue, Truth,  
 Honour, and Passions, aptly harmoniz'd.  
 Him, and his Brother *Polydore*, one Morn',  
 Their noble, worthy Father, now intent,  
 To finish what his Thoughts design'd, invites,  
 Into his Study ; there, to this Effect,  
 He thus, with Looks benign, his Will made <sup>[known :</sup>  
 ' *Philander*, hear ; you, *Polydore*, attend ;  
 ' Nor let a Father's Judgement, and Advice,  
 ' Be thought the Prattle of a vain Old-Man.  
 ' You both have travelled ; have seen, abroad,  
 ' What, to unmellow'd Youth, seems wonderful ;  
 ' Yet, I could wish to find your future Years,  
 ' Ripe with Experience ; tutor'd in the World ;  
 ' And, looking back with Smiles, on well-spent <sup>[Time.</sup>  
 ' Live not, my Sons, at Home, to wear away,  
 ' Your active Pow'rs, with rust of Idleness.  
 ' Beware, of what the World calls Gallantry.'

I've



' I've heard, how, on the Sea-girt Southern Coasts  
 ' Of this our Isle, Barbarians dwell ;  
 ' Who, when the Tempest rages, hang out Lights,  
 ' And thus allure the Mariner to steer,  
 ' Among the Rocks : then shout the Savage Race;  
 ' A Shout of Triumph o'er a floating Wreck.  
 ' Of much the same, if not of deeper Die,  
 ' Their Crime, who draw Credulity aside ;  
 ' Who, couch'd beneath the Shield of Perjury,  
 ' Plunder the Sweets of blooming Chastity.  
 ' Too much it is the Fault of blazing Youth,  
 ' When Passion stronger burns than Reason's <sup>[Lamp,</sup>  
 ' To boast of Conquests, that, when told, <sup>[claim</sup> pro-  
 ' Honour disgrac'd, and Coward-Treachery.  
 ' Alas ! how many, Beauty calls her own,  
 ' Deceiv'd by Adulation smooth, surpris'd by  
 ' Casual Influence, borne away  
 I By



\* By Strength of Appetite, or seiz'd by Love,  
 \* On the soft Lap of Opportunity,  
 \* These vaunting Heroes doom to linger out,  
 \* A few dark Nights, deep-tint'd with Misery.  
 \* *Philander*, be it thine, to rise above,  
 \* The riotous Excess of am'rous Sense :  
 \* And, if a Parent's Judgment be not scorn'd,  
 \* I would advise you, early to unite  
 \* With Hymen's sacred Band : there is, my Son,  
 \* There is a Lady of such modest Mien,  
 \* Bless'd with such winning Graces, as attract  
 \* Affection, and Esteem : may I not hope,  
 \* She will not seem less fair, and promising,  
 \* Because my Choice ? The Features of her Face,  
 \* Her Auburn Hair, her Forehead high, her Eyes,  
 \* Sparkling with piercing Rays, her ruby Lips,  
 \* Her blushing Cheeks, her well-proportion'd <sup>[Nose,</sup>  
 \* Com-

' Complexion delicate, and snowy Form;  
 ' Are Love's Artillery, from whence, he plays  
 ' Unerring Darts: such is the Maid, I wish,  
 ' May be the Partner of your Bed; you smile;  
 ' Perhaps you think the Painter prodigal:  
 ' Well then, if so, behold th' Original!

Thus saying, by a Signal giv'n, as from  
 The breaking Clouds, comes forth, a vernal Sun,  
 In came *Amanda*: but, unknown to her,  
 The Reason, why her Presence was requir'd.  
 Clad in a rich Undress, that shew'd her Charms,  
 More lovely by its Negligence, she stood,  
 Like the fam'd Statue, shrinking from the Sight;  
 While, o'er the languid Cheek, a rising Blush,  
 Soften'd her Beauty, and increas'd it's Pow'r.  
*Philander* gaz'd, confus'd, perplex'd, and lost,  
 Within the Mazes of a doubtful Mind:

But, in the yielding Heart of *Polydore*,  
 Arose a Conflict strange of Passions new :  
 His Tenderneſs alarm'd, Remorſe, Love, Grief,  
 And ſoft Deſire, an eaſy Entrance found :  
 He look'd ; he ſigh'd ; then, with a jealous Eye,  
 Sternly forbids a younger Brother's Claim ;  
 Now, gently preſs'd *Amanda's* Hand : then ſunk,  
 With melting Transports, on her throbbing Breſt :  
 She, with a ſweet reſpectful Modeſty,  
 Which, ſpeechleſs, beam'd unutterable Things,  
 Struggl'd to ſhun, yet met the warm Embrace.  
 ' No, cry'd th' inraptur'd Youth, it muſt not be ;  
 ' You muſt not fly his Arms, whoſe Soul is yours :  
 ' And, if the Names of Lover, Huſband, Friend,  
 ' Can now atone for offer'd Inſults, give,  
 ' O! give thoſe Titles to my ſanguine Wiſh.  
 ' And be it ſo, return'd the noble Lord :

‘ Long



' Long may you live, my Children, to injoy,  
 ' The Fruits of mutual Delight; long taste,  
 ' The salutary Blifs that Virtue yields.'  
*Amanda* listened abash'd; and look'd,  
 With tim'rous Complacency, assent.  
 We pass the tender Scene that now insu'd;  
 The Joy, that rush'd into her Parent's Breast,  
 When *Polydore* avow'd his ardent Love;  
 Congratulations kind, from Sunshine Friends;  
 And the more homely, but more honest Strains,  
 Of Heart-felt Courtesies, that ran throughout,  
 Adjoining Villages, in rapid Streams.  
 At length, the smiling Moments came, that ty'd,  
 The nuptial Band; from whence, incessant, <sup>[flow'd,</sup>  
 Calm Hours, and peaceful Days, and happy Years.  
 The matchless Pair, for such they seem'd to be,  
 Above the rest, in all the County seen,  
 Long flourish'd, with ample Fortune blest'd;



Nor, wanting a fair Offspring, like themselves,  
 Wife, prudent, generous, their Pride and Joy.  
 Mean-time, the good *Horatio* beheld,  
 The Beams of Plenty gild his Evening-Tide :  
 Success, in Commerce, yielded better Days ;  
 And placid Calms flow'd round the Close of Life.



LETTERS



# LETTERS

BOTH

MORAL and POLITICAL.



The first of these is the  
 the second is the  
 the third is the  
 the fourth is the  
 the fifth is the

# LETTERS

BOTH

Moral and Political  
 Man whom the King delights to  
 honour, it would be necessary to  
 consider his Abilities as a speaker  
 mentions Actions for the Good of his  
 Country: But the following Treatise must be  
 looked upon as a mere Design, rather than  
 a perfect Picture. It is the faint Sketches  
 Connoisseurs should perchance imagine, a  
 like





# LETTER I.

S I R,

**I**N order to judge rightly of the Man whom the King delights to honour, it would be necessary, to consider his Abilities as a Speaker; his Moderation; his public Spirit; his meritorious Actions for the Good of his Country: But, the following Tract must be looked upon as a mere Design, rather than a perfect Picture. If, in the feint Sketches, Connoisseurs should perchance imagine, a  
 Likeness



Likeness to the Features of a very late public Character, they are welcome to admire the Resemblance; and at Liberty to supply what may be wanting, with their own luxuriant Fancy.

But, suppose the Drawing should be antique, and have very few Lines resembling a modern Face; yet, we hope, an Exhibition of it, at a Crisis of British Liberty, may produce some good Effects. Of this I am well assured, that the Intention of the Writer is good; therefore, take it, without a longer Preamble.

## THE GOOD STATESMAN.

ARISTIDES was born in a Nation, thro' which extends a long Line of eminent Personages, and shining virtuous Characters. He gave early Proofs of a superior Genius, a Genius fit to animate public Business, and to manage important Affairs. To this, by Education and Experience, was added, a Grandeur of Thought, Dignity tempered with the mild Beams of Affability, a manly Eloquence, Quickness of Apprehension, and  
much

much Patience under Opposition. These Qualities paved the Way for, and soon procured him, peculiar Marks of Favour from his Sovereign; while, at the same time, they rivetted the People to his Interest.

If *Aristides* could not boast, of being descended from Families, rendered illustrious, by fortunately becoming the Favorites of Kings; yet he had the Pleasure to hear common Report tell, how his own personal Merit gained him Applause, and Distinctions, greater than he could have derived from the most noble Ancestors; nay, more valuable than the Smiles, or tinsel Jewgaws, of despotic Kings.

He took upon him the Management of the public Weal, at a Time, when Party-Spirit shed its baleful Influence, and War meditated a heavy Blow against his Country; yet he conquered Opposition; and very soon, those whom he served respected, nay, even loved him: They cheerfully applied to, and readily trusted him: And they gave him the Appellation of, an honest Minister, a warm Patriot, an able Statesman. How different these Honours, from those bestow-

ed

ed on smooth-tongu'd Flatterers ! who shine only with the borrowed Rays of Majesty.

But what, especially, procured *Aristides* the Love, of a grateful People, was, his Integrity, and many faithful Services. They experienced, continually, that he not only soothed them with pleasing Addresses, but obtained for them numberless real, and solid Advantages : hence they concluded, he could not make use of his credit to cover ill Designs, destructive of true Liberty.

*Aristides* was a Man of remarkable Probity and Virtue. When at the Head of public Affairs, he always considered, what was best, what was most agreeable to Justice, and most conducive to the general Good. Having a Soul above sordid Meanness, and understanding well the Constitution of his Country, he needed not the Statesman's Art, of heaping up Riches, to maintain a Regiment of Pensioners, and to keep his Post by a partial Liberality : He put his whole Strength, in an upright Discharge of his Office ; none could censure him as avaricious ; not one Plunderer of the Revenue could say, he misapplied the public Money ; none could perceive



perceive him more sollicitous about private, than national Interest.

*Ambition*, and *Selfishness* obscure the Lustre of great Actions. These Vices give Occasion for Suspicion; when united, bring Death to a Statesman's Fame; and too often involve his Country in unspeakable Calamities. Untainted was *Aristides*, with this loathsome, though common Disease. His Ambition was so moderate, that he contented himself, with the Honour of being reputed, and applauded, as, a faithful Counsellor to his King, and a steady Maintainer of the People's Rights. His Desire to accumulate Wealth was so temperate, that he refused the Acceptance of exorbitant Fees; and both domestic and foreign Enemies gave Testimony to his disdaining a Bribe; the one, by joining in a firm Union with the Friends of Liberty; the other, by their violent Opposition to him, and his Country.

A Man is sometimes known, by his Friends, and Company. A good Man will not confide in Men of bad Principles; a wise Man will not be the Companion of Fools. *Aristides* attached himself to those, who were not only innobled by honorary Titles,  
but



but whose Sentiments were free, and whose Deeds were noble. He chose the most worthy to be his Colleagues. Such, to whom Authority might be safely communicated. Men of honest, firm Dispositions; who had no other Thirst of Glory, than to be serviceable; and no further Love of an Office, than as it might render them more beneficent, and useful. And it was remarked, by most People, that he never courted Popularity so far, as to give Places, to unworthy Tools; nor would he trust, the Execution of military Schemes, in the Hands of Men, characterized only by their Posts. Nor should I here omit mentioning, that in Enterprizes against the Enemy, both as to the Plans, and the Choice of Persons to conduct them, he discovered a peculiar Talent; and his Resolutions were not to be drawn from him; so well had he been accustomed, to keep a Secret.

If it were possible, I would give an Idea of *Aristides*, as the masterly *Speaker*: but Words are wanting. He possessed as much Eloquence, as was necessary at all times, for carrying his Point. It was an Eloquence made up of quick Conception, and instantaneous

taneous Reply: full of nervous Sense: sometimes, like the Torrent, bearing every thing along with it: at others, flowing like a placid Stream, gentle, and insinuating. No one knew better than himself, how to turn off the light Flashes of Wit, or to retort the sharp Repartee: no one was ever more versed, in the lenient Art of Persuasion. By this, he prevailed upon the Stubborn, checked the Headstrong, animated the Desponding, and, like the skilful Physician, who follows Nature, gently bent the Dispositions of the Multitude, to coincide with his Inclinations. In a Word, he knew how to be popular, and honest; and, by a pleasing Address, to clear away the offensive, and render the salutary, though bitter Potion, pleasing.

The nearer a patriotic Minister approaches the Citadel of Glory, the greater his Danger of being shot at, and wounded. The Arrow of Envy is aimed, principally, at distinguished Merit. Strange! but often to be seen, that a Man's Virtues are his Enemies; and his deserved, perhaps, too dearly purchas'd Fame, becomes the remote Occasion of his Fall. It happened, that a  
 Party,

Party, out of Place, but who were now determined, under the Wing of regal Prerogative, to come in, proposed a Plan of Operations, with which, *Aristides* thought it egregious Folly, to comply: He, therefore, vigorously opposed it, and used every Expedient to put it aside: But his Wisdom, for the first Time, was rejected, with many aggravating Circumstances. Upon this he shewed himself brave, and resigned his Office.—A Mark of Timidity—a Wound given to true Patriotism, cries Envy.—But are there not Times, when the Affairs of a Nation may be seized upon by such Hands, or be in such a Condition, as to oblige the firmest Patriot to yield the Reins to another? Might not his Continuance in Power have forced him, at least, to palliate, or connive at Schemes destructive of Freedom, or his Country's well-being? It is true, in a Storm, the skilful Hand is especially wanted; but, when Things come to Extremes, and he must either ruin himself, or injure the Community, say, ye Echoes of Aspersions! what should Wisdom, what should Integrity do then? — my Fellow-Subjects — no Step, which Necessity urges a Man to take, nor even



even an unpremeditated Failing, the Attendant on Humanity, should withdraw an Esteem founded upon a general Character; a Character composed of the most amiable Qualities.

A *wise Prince* only knows how to prize an able Minister; and the real value of such a Man is not to be estimated. *Court-Statesmen* are, too often, Slaves of Princes; at best, timorous Advisers. They understand how to sooth their Master's favorite Passion, but rarely have Spirit enough, to show, or advance, his true Interest: Hence arises a common Saying, *That a King may have the worst of Servants, though the best Subjects.* How valuable then! how much to be honoured! is that Counsellor, who delivers his Opinion, on the State of Affairs, with an honest Freedom; who, in time of War, understands how to avert imminent Dangers; who will make no Peace, but upon the most honorable Terms; who can, having a clean Heart, oppose an Enemy without Timidity, and advise his Prince without Flattery. Such an one, is likely to taste the Cup of Envy. — But, may the fatal Poison never come from the Hands of Britons. May



*they* never treat with Ingratitude an ARISTIDES, who has *signally*, and *faithfully*, served them.

*I am, SIR,*

Chichester, June  
22. 1764.

*Yours, &c.*



## LETTER II.

SIR,

**T**HE continual Repetition, in my Ear, of Earl and Baronet, has turned my Thoughts to the Subject of Greatness. I have taken a View of it, as if unattended with a sound Judgement, Beneficence, and Sweet-

Sweetness of Behaviour : to which, under the Character of *Eumenes*, you will find annexed, an Idea of the real Great-Man.

Say, Reader, can any one be a more useless Member of Society ? or become an Example, that more fatally poisons the Manners of the People, than the *mere Great Man* ? the Man, I mean, distinguished from the common Herd of talkative Animals; *only* by his Title, his Retinue, his Sports ; may I not add, (what sometimes is the Case) his Vices, and Irreligion ? you here behold an active Being, surfeited with Superfluities ; devoted to Gaiety ; enslaved by Pleasure : polite in Behaviour ; corrupt in Disposition : slow to do good ; expert at doing Mischief : employed about Trifles ; without tender Affections : an outside Shew ; without Knowledge of himself, or Country.

One would think, by the Gait, Gesture, Manner, and Discourse, of many in High-Life, that it must be a painful Mortification, to be seen by, and converse, with their Inferiors. But are they not brought into the World under the same Circumstances ? their Manners, and Actions in Life, are they not,

in reality, pretty much the same ? they may, indeed, catch a different Idiom of Speech from the Vulgar ; and will not a Parrot do the like ? In Truth, Mankind came, originally, from the same Stock ; and they have the same Passions, the same Antipathies, the same Humours, the same Prejudices ; I was about to add, the same Unworthiness, and Weaknesses.

Terms indeed, through Necessity, and with great Propriety, have been invented, to distinguish one Family from another, and from its Branches ; to some of which have been added lofty Epithets, by way of honorary Rewards : But these, considered in themselves, have no intrinsic Value ; and they bring more, or less, Reputation to the Possessors, according as the Source is, from whence they spring. Names, or the most pompous Titles, are nothing more than Sounds : they are frequently the Gifts of Caprice ; and Money will purchase, when Merit cannot procure them. A Post may affix, to a Betrayer of his Country, the Epithet of *Honorable* ; the Sword of State graces a plain *John*, with a *Sir* ; the Dash of a Pen creates



creates an Earl, with the same Ease, as the Branding-Iron imprints an R —. It is impossible, from these, let them be repeated ever so often, to form an Opinion of Persons; or to know their Histories; nor is it worth an Inquiry, what we are called. The main Question is, what we are? this leads to another, still more material, what is the main Business of our Life.

It is not a long String of Titles, it is not the Look of Importance, it is not a commanding Tone of Voice, nor is it a graceful outward Gesture, that will command *E-steem*: these may prepossess the Vulgar in favour of false Greatness; but they, who have been accustomed to publick Shews, and are not captivated with Appearances, will look with Contempt on such senseless Idols: The Wise do not form a Judgement of us by Externals only. Why then should Persons, of the greatest Consequence in their own Sight, be the most trifling? why should they learn Words before Things? why study Smiles and Caresses before Principles? why love to deal in Promises more than Actions? why should they practise the Arts of Deception, who have the least need of them?



why be more concerned to shew they are well-born, than well-bred, or well instructed in the Principles of Honour? — They, who are born to a Title, should consider themselves, as introduced into the World, and indowed with this Advantage, in order to distinguish themselves by Delicacy of Manners, and a good Example. Noble Extraction should serve as an Incentive to peculiarly shining Actions. Every wise and virtuous Man is a great Man by Comparison — Princes are no more — And, if to Birth you annex Meanness, Baseness, and Tyranny, you rank the most important, in their own Imagination, with the Mob.

The gaping Crowd are dazzled with, and can scarce look up to, the external Glitter and Parade of Quality: the Great, in return, imagine they cannot look down, with too much Contempt, on those of meaner Rank; a Salute, or a Smile, is a Condescension: But, if a good Judgement, Civility, and Generosity, were reputed the Criteria of true Greatness, peradventure, both these gross Errors, and Indelicacies of Conduct, might be corrected. What renders the Great most worthy of Honour is, a Greatness

ness of Soul, and a Power of doing more good than other Men, properly exercised. If this last Gift, or Qualification, is abused, and the first is wanting, for my own part, I can discern but little Difference between a Lord, and his Footman. A noble, or mean Birth, are the Effects of Random-Chance; and no one will say, Justness of Sentiment, solid Honour, and noble Extraction, are the spontaneous Productions of Dignity and Fortune. Why then should we admire a Man for what is not his own? Why should we applaud a Reputation founded upon popular Prejudice? or the Effects of a Painter's Pencil? Why should we extol any Ornament but that of true Worth, which exhibits something more than an Air of Dignity, and a long List of insignificant Distinctions? I know in this Golden Age, the value of a Man is estimated by his Dignities, Offices, or, in one Word, his Revenues. So many Thousands *per Annum*, so much Virtue; and this Rule influences our Respect. It is not to be wondered at, that illiberal Minds should be fond of a popular Maxim, which establishes an Equality between the most virtuous among the Noblesse, and the most

profligate, though rich Peasants: but it is a wonder, the truly-Great, do not, on this account, discredit it. *Reason*, who sees Things as they really are, judges in a different Manner. — Take, (says she) the Trappings off, from the proudest Mortal, and then see, how his Mind appears. Is it stored with Knowledge superior to Persons in lower Stations? is it greatly benevolent? is it ornamented, in such a Manner, as to command Esteem? Honour is due to personal Virtue, and this should constitute the Difference between Man, and Man, and not Birth, and Fortune, alone.

From lowest Place, when virtuous Things proceed,  
The Place is dignify'd by the Doer's Deed ;  
Where great Additions swell, and Virtues none,  
It is a droptied Honour: Good alone,  
'Tis Good without a Name ; Vileness is so ;  
The Property, by what it is, should go,  
Not by the Title.

SHAKESPEAR.

Let not these Sentiments (and I hope they will not) offend such, who may think the Characters and Actions of the *Great*, a Subject beyond the reach of the human Mind ;  
and



and that it is the Duty of Inferiors, to submit Judgement, Conscience, and Fortune, to the Will of the most proud, weak, and corrupt Superiors. Believe me, no one, can be more strongly convinced than myself, of the Propriety, and Necessity, of a Subordination among Mankind, as to Rank and Degree. Ye honorable Fathers of your Country! ye past, ye present, Patrons of Liberty! I admire your Actions, I revere your Memory; I give that Respect and Praise, which to your exalted Condition is due, freely, justly, sincerely! I must confess, I make a Distinction between the Great, and the truly honorable; but the last, are ever certain, of being Objects of my Admiration, and cordial Regard. I ever venerate, even the Outside, which covers Wisdom, and Benevolence, and bow as low to this, as those who, from the Motive of Fear or Hope, worship a Name — I love *Eumenes* — He is stiled the patriot-Nobleman. It is impossible to know, and not honour him. Take the following Sketch, as an imperfect Picture of his amiable Qualities.

E U A



## EUMENES. A CHARACTER.

*Latius regnes avidum domando**Spiritum, quam si Libyam remotis**Gadibus jungas, et uterque Poenus**Serviat uni.*

HOR.

EUMENES thought it not sufficient to be innobled by Blood, that he was an Earl's Son, and could boast of his Great-Grandfather's Exploits ; but more anxious, to render his own Memory dear to Posterity, he cultivated those indearing Qualities, and noble Virtues, which were the Foundation of his Progenitors Honours. As Fortune had been the first Instrument toward erecting his Elevation, in return, he dignified his Fortune ; and, by a good Reputation, stamped a real value upon his Person, and Condition : esteeming it more honorable, to deserve to be noble ; than to be born so.

He was well instructed in the liberal Sciences, and all Branches of Philosophy : but the best part of his Youth was spent, in the Study

Study of Mankind; and how to accommodate that useful Knowledge, to the Benefit of the Public, his own Advancement, and the private Offices of Virtue. At the Age of Manhood, the Laws, and Customs of Nations, particularly, the Manners of those, among whom he resided, engaged the Attention of *Eumenes*. He made it his Business, to inform himself, concerning the Talents of all, within his District; their Professions, and Occupations; their Prejudices, Opinions, and Factions; their private Histories, little Misfortunes, and Successes; their Taste, Humours, reigning Passions, and natural Tempers; by which kind of Learning, he understood, how to treat different Characters, to form Connections, to execute good Designs with Success, and to regulate his Deportment, as Occasion, Times, Circumstances, and Events, required.

When *Eumenes* returned from his Travels, in one respect, he came home the same Man: not having imbibed, a weak Attachment, to the Principles, and Fashions, of other Countries, with an hearty Contempt for his own.

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His leisure Hours, of Relaxation, were spent not in sluggish Idleness, nor in Sardapalian Pleasures, nor in Epicurean Gratifications; but in such Recreations, and Exercises, by which, both the Mind, and Body, are refreshed and invigorated. Sometimes, *Eumenes* exhilarated his Spirits, with the facetious Sallies of *Jocus* and *Bacchus*; at others, sought to the Care-dispelling Harmony of Music: Hunting also, and Hawking, with all the Sports of the Field, were Diversions, which he considered, as chiefly eligible.

Grandeur, and Prosperity, are Touchstones, that try the Tempers of some Men, as Misfortunes do those of others: while they stimulate the Passions, they encourage the Gratification of them. *Eumenes*, took *Minerva* for his Pilot; and stopped his Ears with Wax, when the *Sirens* begun their Charms. He would not purchase Silenean Revels with a Diminution of his paternal Inheritance; nor melt his Fame, or Integrity, in the Caresses of a Mistress.

He shunned Intemperance, and Voluptuousness, as he would have done a pestilential Disorder; despising, to be impudent in  
his



his Youth, effeminate at Manhood, and contemptible in old Age.

He considered unbounded Ambition, as the Parent and Nurse of many Vices: *Urbi-um, regnorumque Pestem*. The Fame of Authority, and Power, he thought desirable; but the Fame of Virtue, he would say, is much more excellent. That was a fine Saying of *Plato's*, when he observed; the Man who would be truly rich, (or Great) should rather contract his Desires, than increase his Wealth, (and Expectations.)

He studiously avoided a proud Deportment. Amidst the Splendor of his Glory, he remembered, he was mortal. No Imperfections appear more odious, in vulgar Eyes, than Moroseness, or unseasonable Asperity: and yet, Haughtiness is the too common Attendant, on young Noblemen; who are apt to overvalue themselves, on account of external Acquirements; and to display Self-estimation, on every inconsiderable Occasion.

He looked into his own private Concerns, and managed his Finances with Oeconomy: being too wise to become a Bubble to his Steward;



Steward; and thought it rather beneath him, to be ruined by his Servants.

No Conduct has so great a Tendency, to conciliate the Affections of Dependants, as a strict regard to Justice, the Practice of moral Virtue, and a Conformity, to the external Modes of religious Worship. *Eumenes*, therefore, speculated frequently, upon this wholesom Advice; *Discite Jusitiam, et non temnere Divos; quibus virtutibus, et Cyrus, et Camillus, et Africanus, et prestantissimi viri excelluerunt* (Pontani Op.)

They who would be truly Great, or who covet, only, Dominion, and Popularity, must make a tripple Alliance; maintaining an indissoluble Union, with Benevolence, Liberality, and Clemency: for this powerful Triumvirate, can create Friends out of Enemies, implant Fidelity in the Breast of the unfaithful, and raise a Monument for their Subjects, more lasting than Brass. *Eumenes* was proud, if he may be said, to have had any Pride, of these interior Virtues; the Effects of which, part broke forth into public View, and part lay concealed, in domestic Privacy. He could not provide for all, agreeable to their sanguine Expectations, who moved within the

the Orbit of his Favour; yet he wanted not Expression of Kindness for every one; nor Gratitude, for Services; and he even considered such, as were farther removed from him, as Streams that claimed, to participate of his Bounty. Access to him was easy and pleasant: for he, daily, set apart a certain Portion of Time, to receive all, who might have Application to, or Business with him; nor was he known to treat Petitioners, on any Occasion, with unpopular Rudeness, unreasonable Superciliousness, or cruel Severity. His Conduct, indeed, to a particular kind of Suitors, was somewhat unusual; for those, whose Requests he determined not to grant, he politely dismissed; without torturing them with the Pains, caused by Suspense, or Hope; and rendered more intense, by final Disappointment. Nor must we omit mentioning, here, another Rule of Life, no less singular than the above, which is; that he, regularly, at stated Times, paid his Bills; nor ruined one poor Tradesman, by large Orders, and long Credit.

*Eumenes* chose, for his Companions, the refined, the wise, and the experienced; by whose Counsels, and Example, he formed  
his

his Manners, and regulated his Actions: the first, are framed by Intuition; the last, by Precept, and Admonition. Imitation is productive of much Virtue, or many Vices; and the manly Attainments are best acquired, by frequent Converse with Great Minds. From hence arose that Incouragement, and Patronage, he constantly afforded to Men of Letters. And, as touching Literature itself, he esteemed an Acquaintance therewith, as an Accomplishment, leading directly to the Apartment of Honour, *Quod in maximis gerendis rebus, consiliisque capiendis, primum semper locum ii tenent, qui docti babenter*: (Pon. Op.) and, through all Antiquity, the noblest Actions are ascribed to them; in History, and are still expected from them.

An exalted Station of Life, may be termed the Field of Honour; where noble Qualities are brought to Action, and exercised for the common Benefit of Mankind: *Eumenes*, however, was of this Opinion. He, therefore, declined not such Employments under the Government, which might afford him Opportunities, to perform for his Friends, and Country, honorable and useful



ful Services. What Offices he bore is not material, in this short Review: suffice it to say, he discharged his Duty, in a Manner, consistent with his Character: and a certain happy Success, raised him above the Censures of low Cunning; and made his Undertakings shine with peculiar Lustre. In the Province allotted to his Superintendancy, his Conduct was just, and regular. The Poor feared not, nor did the Rich envy his Power; because, the former, were nourished with a paternal Care, while the latter, were treated with Respect, and easy Politeness.

There remains one Point of view, from whence it is necessary, we should take a Survey of *Eumenes*; I mean, as a Courtier: yet in this Light, I am apprehensive, to some he will appear less pleasing; though, to others, I hope not less instructive.

*Eumenes* knew the Court. He knew Court-politeness, Court-refinements, and Court-disguises: but then, he understood, also, how to use them, without excluding from the Anti-chamber, *Nature*, and *Virtue*.



Content with the Posts assigned him; modest under Advancement; possessing a greater Capacity, than he pretended to; and more solid Worth, than Vanity; these Accomplishments procured him, without Intrusion, the Ear of his Prince; Honours, that he never thought of; and Places of Trust, which he found a Difficulty in refusing.

Mortifications, and Disgraces, he expected. They broke not his Slumbers: for he knew how to renounce Authority, with the same Tractability, and Grace, as he used it. His Reputation stood upon a better Base than Artifice, and Intrigue: so that, if his Assistance was not needed, he felt no Pain from a Resignation, a Favour refused, or voluntary Banishment.

Concerning the External of Dress, and Deportment, *Eumenes* had no farther Respect, than as to what might be immediately connected, with the Dignity of his Station; and would serve to set it off to the best Advantage. He disliked a finical Ostentation; and still more, a soppyish, and affected Carriage. As his Clothes discovered a delicate Taste, so his Looks, and outward  
Gesture,

Gesture, were fuitable to the Delicacy of his Sentiments. His Eyes, indeed, he had taught an expreffive Language; as he conceived them the Index of the Mind: therefore regulated their Motions, with a scrupulous Nicety.

It is a main Concern, yet no easy Task, for Courtiers to employ well, the Engine of Speech; to estimate the Power of Words; and put a double Curb upon the Tongue: yet, I have heard it remarked of *Eumenes*, that he understood, both, how to speak, and when to be silent. He suffered not, at certain times, a Monosyllable to escape him, without recollecting its specific Gravity, Tendency, and Force. He watched over his Lips; and was cautious that a Levity of Speech wounded, neither himself, nor others. He spoke not, on all Occasions, from Vanity; nor affected an academical Silence, from Ignorance. He knew himself; heard many Things; and maturely considered more: examined the Sentiments of others deliberately: in speaking his own, was circumspect: slow, in giving Assent: concise, when delivering his Opinion; and coolly calm under Opposition.

Some Men cannot live out of the Verge of Court; and may be reckoned, as part of the ornamental Furniture, in a Palace. But, *Eumenes* was content to be more known, than seen; more wanted, than pointed at; and of more real Importance, than President of the Circle: yet, when mixt up with the Crowd, he could embrace, smile, bow profoundly; laugh loud, with Sir *Fopling*, tell Stories with Sir *Francis Wronghead*, whisper Lady *Betty Modish*, and be pleasant Company with Lord *Forfeit*.

*Eumenes* was advanced to an honourable Post. He, immediately, had, what, in modern Phrase, is termed, a splendid Levee. His Friends, Dependants, Suitors, and Flatterers, press around him: they pay their Congratulations: they stare at each other: they whisper: — why? — because they found the same *Eumenes*, they were accustomed to address: a new Courtier, in a new Station; yet without Affectation, Arrogance, Forgetfulness, Distraction, new Airs, and new Intimates.

*Eumenes* knew so well the value of good Servants, Men of Abilities, and steadfast Friends, that he would not contemn, or  
change



change them, every Time he was preferred : nor would he suffer them to grow old, and unrewarded, in his Service.

In Courts, Self-Interest is the supreme Power; Services are bartered for Services; Sincerity's a Laughing-Stock, Honesty a Mask, and Wit a cast-off Mistress. How unworthy then ! how stupid must *Eumenes* seem in the Eyes of many ! who incouraged, and rewarded Merit — who served his Friends, when in his Power ; and told them, without pitiful Evasions, when it was not — whose Intentions went the same way with his Promises — and who backed his Assurances, with hearty Indeavours.

Without extending farther the Chain of Particulars, we observe, the rest of his Character was compatible with the Specimen already given. He lived beloved : died lamented. And his Memory has attained a sublunary Immortality.

*I am, S I R,*

*Yours, &c.*



## LETTER III.

S I R,

**T***Ravelling*, lately, in one of the romantic Counties of *England*, as I was attentive to certain threatening Piles of Rocks, my pleasing Speculations were suddenly interrupted, by the hoarse Voice of my Guide; who, without the least Apology, told me very gravely, "He thought we had lost our "Way;" and, without giving me Time to recover out of my Surprize, added, "We "could not be less than twelve Miles distant "from the proper Road." My whole Attention was now, more particularly, fixed upon the surrounding Landskip; and observing it was terminated with beautiful verdant Inclosures, I told my erroneous Directing-Post, we could not be far from a Mansion of the Living; at which we might make  
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Inquiries, suitable to our present Circumstances. My Conjecture proved not ill-grounded ; for we had rode scarce a Mile, before, a spacious regular-built Edifice presented itself to our View. Upon taking a Survey of it, the Door opened, when a Gentleman, in Appearance of Quality, came out ; and approaching me, with a most ingaging Smile, inquired, if Curiosity, and a Desire to see the wanton Sports of Nature, had brought me to his wild Manor ; so little known to, and seldom visited, by the inquisitive Traveller. I informed him of the Accident which had occasioned this ; and received, by way of Answer, that it was full forty Miles to my intended Stage, that I had three Miles to go among the Rocks, and twelve over a dangerous Moor, before I could reach the High-way. This Piece of Information raised up many painful Ideas ; I examined the Countenance of my Guide, gazed on the Prospect before me, and then looking stupidly on the Ground, fell into a Reverie : having come to a Resolution, I lift up my Eyes, but was agreeably surpris'd, to see the whole Family about me ; and my own, with another Servant, in a waiting Posture, to attend

my Dismounting. Sir, continued the hospitable Stranger, I have been, for some time, courting you, to spend the Remainder of the Day with me; but receiving no Answer, thought it not amiss, that the rest of my Family should back the Invitation. This they did, in such alluring Terms, that, if my Situation had not been such as it was, I should not have scrupled, to accept so polite an Offer. I went in: I was pleased with every Person and Object around me: I for once thought, there is in this Life, perfect Happiness: the Evening, the next Day, several others, stole unperceived away, in social, and unreserved Converse. I never before was so easily prevailed upon, to part with my Taciturnity; but it was impossible, not to be communicative, amidst engaging and undesigning Companions. The Master of the House discovered an Aspect serenely bright, a Carriage tinged with inexpressible Softness, a sincere Complaisance in his Conversation; a Freedom without Levity; in his Professions, Truth without Ostentation, or Hypocrisy; his indifferent Actions had something in them, peculiarly attracting; he *would* be upon a Level with you; and  
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his Sentiments, of the Follies, and Failings, of Mankind, bordered always upon the Tender. His amiable Confort I heard called by no other Name than *Charity*. She is, I have since been informed, a Branch of the Family of the *All-Worthies*. Her good Qualities, especially, those of Benevolence, and a Readiness to forgive, render an Acquaintance with her, a peculiar Blessing. The eldest Son of this happy Pair is named *Prudence*, the next *Integrity*, and the youngest *Equanimity*. With such Friends, how swiftly run out the Sands of Time! how soon are Misfortunes alleviated, and forgot!

The Hours now approached, that compelled me to take Leave of those, with whom, I wished for ever to reside. At the Morning of my Departure, while at Breakfast, I happened to discover, in a Hint, my Inclination, to know the Name, and something of the History of my generous Benefactor. — “ Sir, said he, I understand you. It is my Study, my Delight, to find out the Wants of my Fellow-Creatures, and to assist the Delicate, and Modest, before they feel the Pain of declaring them. You shall not depart with one reasonable Desire  
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unsatisfied. — Know then, my Name is *Good-Nature*. Once, in early Days, my Residence was fixed at the Metropolis, near the Court-End of the Town. By frequent Tours through my own Country, and by exerting the whole of my Influence, to render those I visited happy, I obtained the Notice, and cordial Esteem, of all Sorts of People. The Poor loved me, for my good Actions ; and the Rich, in general, for my Affability. At the same Time, dwelt in Town, a Personage, known by the Name of *Self-Love* : and universally detested, on account of the numerous base Actions, his Ruling-Passion urged him to commit. As Envy and Meanness are closely united, my growing Fame gave him Umbrage : and, no sooner were my Friends and their Caresses multiplied, but he meditated, by what subtle Policy, he might check the one, and deprive me of the other. To this End, he imploy'd every Artifice, a Mind, prone to Mischief, could suggest. But finding, (what often happens) that his many disconcerted Schemes, and detected Falsties, only rendered him more odious, he had Recourse to other Expedients : and his plodding Genius,

too soon invented a Device, which conduced not a little to exalt his, once hated, but now admired Character. In short, he set himself, in earnest, to act the Part most adverse to him: he affected to become my Disciple; and aimed to captivate the unthinking Part of Mankind, with *exterior Shew*, instead of Reality. He bowed low to a Chariot Wheel, shook by the Hand a thriving Knave, was profuse in his Promises, and apparently friendly, in his numerous Invitations: he could be, seemingly, tender in mentioning any thing, to the Prejudice of the Man, he designed to calumniate; he would *wish* for the Prosperity of those, and hope they would do well, whom he intended to injure, and, if possible, perpetrate their Ruin: a Shrug of the Shoulder, a rolling Eye, a downcast Look, a Sigh, a pathetic Exclamation, expressed the utmost Extent of his Compassion, not strong enough to do one disinterested good Action. This Hypocrisy was exercised, in all its Forms, towards Enemies, as well as Friends, the Bad, as well as the Good; every one, who might be serviceable to him, had their Share. In Process of Time, his artificial Easiness of  
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Temper was looked upon, as natural ; his Vices put on a more agreeable Aspect ; his out-ward Complaisance won over the Ignorant ; and his useless Humanity, reduced to an Art, rendered him popular : for the very Mimicry of Good-nature, covers the Deformity of ill Designs, and ill Actions. These Subtleties, so strongly operated upon the Great, that the Friends to arbitrary Power took him and his Family, under their Protection. Sir R—t adopted one of his Children, and called him *Interest* : Alas ! ever since that Commencement of Corruption, his Descendants have indeavoured to scatter their Brood, over the whole Earth : nor is there a Village, where some of them, are not to be met with ; though under different Names. At Court they are stiled Good-breeding : in the City and Country, good-natured, prudent, good-humoured, and good sort of Persons. As to myself, I was marked out, to have the Load of Odium *Self-love* bore, cast upon my own Shoulders. With this View, my Words were misconstrued, my Actions misrepresented — If I visited the Sick, it was from Ostentation — If I relieved the Neccessitous, it was Extra-

vagance: or, with an Intention to become popular. Thus continually hunted by false Reports, Ill-treatment compelled me to seek shelter, in this silent Retreat; here I live happy to myself, and I hope useful to the World: for you must know, I continually make Excursions abroad; and visit those sincere Friends, who still regard me; and whom I have the Pleasure to see are not a few, in this Land, productive of Liberty, and Benevolence."

Here ended my hospitable Friend his Narrative; and I took an unwilling but hasty Leave. In my way Home, I thought within myself, surely! what I have heard is little more than an Allegory, framed to teach me, how to distinguish real Good-nature, from its Appearances. Hence I learn, that however the external Shew of Good-nature is to be seen, in every Street we pass through; yet Selfishness, Interest, and private Views, are frequently under the Mask; and we may venture to say, for one Good-natured Man, known to be such by his Actions, you will meet with five smooth-tongu'd talkative Flatterers. But lest this Truth, should discourage tender Minds,

Minds, in the Practice of Benevolence, and tempt them to counteract the noblest Dictates of Nature, I would recommend to, and leave with them, the following Words of a celebrated Writer.

“ A Life without natural Affection, Friendship, or Sociableness, would be found a wretched one, were it to be tried. It is as these Feelings, and Affections, are intrinsically valuable and worthy, that *Self-interest* is to be rated, and esteemed. A Man is by nothing so much himself, as by the Temper and Character of his Passions and Affections.”

*Shaft. Charact.*

*I am, S I R,*

*Yours, &c.*

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## LETTER IV.

S I R,

THE Tongue, *Hesiod* observes, is a most valuable Treasure; and there is much Grace, in using it with Discretion. I wish this Remark was duly attended to by our CHURCH-TALKERS, who suffer it to run at Random, during Divine-Service, to the no small Confusion, and Vexation, of devout Suppliants, and attentive Hearers. No sooner are the important Tattlers seated in their Pews, but the unruly Member begins to exert itself, at the Expence of every silent well-disposed Neighbour: one is exclaiming, another satirising, a third calumniating. The usual Conversation at this Time, is the Rehearsal of past and trivial Occurrences, or the trifling Anecdotes of most trifling Persons: it frequently runs into Scandal,

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consisting of false Narrations about Individuals, or private Families. I happened, one Morning, to inquire after an absent Worshipper, and was answered by a solemn Shake of the Head; which introduced a mournful incoherent Tale, concerning his Imprudencies: this was but just finished, when the general Confession begun. Any one coming into Church with a new Dress, a Couple asked, the Rustling of a Silk Gown, mere Nothings! give a general Alarm, and breath into a Discourse a new Spirit. Lively Animadversions! without doubt entertaining and beneficial to a thinking Mind! powerful Helps, to kindle a pure Flame of Devotion! how engaging! how peculiarly charming! how improving, to hear the sprightly Prattle of pretty Gentlemen! the sonorerous Lamentations of old Women! the tittering Remarks of well-bred Misses! the murmuring Whispers of as well-taught Children! the humming Noise of young Masters! and, O! sublime Injoyment! the quick lively Transitions of full-grown Ladies! But to be serious — How reproachable these Irregularities in public, which good Sense cannot behold without Pain, in private Societies! Irregu-

regularities neither graceful, nor laudable; and, if not of a bad, Indications, at least, of a trifling Mind. Suppose they are not criminal, are they decent? are they fit, considering Time, and Place? are they subservient to any good End? to affect a light Gaiety, where we should be serious; to calumniate, and propagate evil Reports, where we are assembled to pray for Peace, Unity, and Forgiveness of our Enemies; to employ the Eye, which should be lifted up to Heaven, in wanton Rovings; the Tongue, which should implore Mercy, in uncharitable Expressions; the Ear, which should attend to Instruction, in listening to insignificant Tattle; how contradictory! how ludicrous! It is, likewise, an Offence against Good-Manners; and, as a Proof of this, I do not remember to have observed much of it, among the polite Audiences at *London*; I am certain, it is not carried to that Excess, as in our Country-Cathedrals. With respect to the Benefit, Church-Gossips may be supposed to receive, from the most rational, and pathetic Parts, either in the Prayers, or Sermons, we may conclude, it cannot be much. The Undulation of

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Sounds,



Sounds, that seize upon the Apartments of the Mind, must prevent even the Approach of serious, or useful Thoughts; nor can it, after hearing the Dictates of Folly, and Passion, be disposed, to attend to those of Reason and Religion. More might be said on the Subject, but I fear, neither plain disinterested Truth, nor even the refined Reproof of Satyr, will, in these Days, put Vanity and Impertinence to the Blush. There is one Device, however, which I humbly propose as a probable Expedient, to stop the Humour of ill-timed Prating: Let the Lovers of it be indulged with a Sunday's Morning-Rout, where, they may settle their Neighbour's Concerns; make Assignations, or freely broach Scandal: perhaps, by the time the Bell summons them to Church, their Budget may be emptied; and they may then come to hear, only, such wholesom Observations, as, if attended to, would furnish them with proper Conversation, and render their Manners more suitable to the Day. But the Means for the more effectual Cure of the Evil complained of, I submit to the Consideration of those, who, by their Office, and respectable Situation, are qualified, and most likely

likely to bring about a Reform. In the Interim, to laughing, talkative Females, I recommend the Cultivation of their natural Modesty ; and, to the better sort of People of both Sexes, a proper Exemplification of a favorite Maxim, “ *Let all Things be done with Decency and Order.*”

*I am, S I R,*

*Yours, &c.*



# L E T T E R V.

*To EUPHRONIUS.*

**Y**OU are, my dear *Euphronius*, now come to that Period, at which your Lot is fixed, to roam in the intricate Laby-

rinth of Life. Whatever Road you take, Necessity, Convenience, Pleasure, or the strong Propensity of Nature, will incline you to single out a few, as Companions by the Way. These, at first, may be stiled only your Acquaintance; but, in a short Time, they will assume, and you yourself will be tempted, to talk in the Language of the World, and call them by the softer Distinction of *Friends*. For Persons whom we affect, for the Sake of Company, we shall soon contract an Intimacy with; those we may be intimate with, we shall prefer to others; this Preference will excite Esteem; and Esteem, at length, improve into a peculiar Regard. The Sparks of Generosity, which are deposited in *your* tender Heart, will, I know, kindle up Confidence, and Affection, when blown upon by mere Frankness, and the light Breath of artificial Good-nature. No sooner have your Associates, seemingly, discovered they are pleased with your Acquaintance, and offer freely their Service, but you will be eager to communicate your Thoughts, and Designs, and commit to their keeping, the most valuable Secrets of your Soul. *I would, Euphronius,*



phronius, *assist you in the Choice of your Friends.* I would defend you, from those illusive flattering Professions, which inchant the youthful Mind ; I would prevent your imbibing that vain Confidence, in specious Appearances and Promises, which, while you are hugging yourself with the Thought, of having found the Way to Happiness, will lead you into many Snares, and bring you, suddenly, to the Brink of Misery. In the large, or smaller Circle of Society, you *must* ingage, and chearfully take a Part, in Conversation ; but suffer not your Passions, or the Softness of Nature, to direct your Reason, and Judgement ; for you may have many entertaining Companions, and, among them, not one who would prove a good Friend. I know, you are sincere, generous, and willing to oblige : thus you will, like the fair Blossom, expand yourself to the Sun ; but remember, hereby you only expose yourself a strong Temptation, for every fluttering Insect to hang upon, and extract your Sweets. Guard, then, the Avenues to your Heart. I do not mean, that I would have you suppress its generous Motions ; only take Care not to open your Bosom, and

cordially receive into it every forward Intruder, lest you warm a Viper, which, when it has recovered Strength sufficient, will repay your Kindness, by darting its venomous Sting into your Vitals, or imprint a Wound, which a long Period of Time will not heal. It is an important Point to know, who they are, with whom we may establish a close Connection, or even common Friendship; to whom we may safely apply for Advice, or Assistance, and from whom we may expect a mutual Exchange of good Offices. The Disadvantages are many, and the Consequences frequently fatal, flowing from an hasty, ill-grounded Union. What was intended, as a pleasant Ingredient, to sweeten the Cup of Life, becomes often, by the Practice of Empiricks, a bitter Potion; sometimes a slow Poison; the Cause, if not of Death, of many acute Pains, and mortifying Evils. The whole Course of your Life, dear Youth, will be marked out, or, to say the least, made worse, or better, by the Commissioners you pitch upon, to inspect and manage it. If you are precipitate, in contracting Friendships; if you take, without Examination, every Counterfeit; if you credit,

dit, without Proof, every artful Pretender ; a concealed Worm will, continually, be preying upon the Bloom of your Hopes, and Blights will appear, where you looked for Fruit. You see, *Euphronius*, I have, hitherto, only attempted, to put you upon thinking. This will convince you, how necessary *Care, Caution, and Judgment*, are, in the Choice of our Friends ; and, by this Means, you may, peradventure, learn, without going to the School of rigid Experience, not to judge by Appearances, and conceit all Gold, that glitters. Permit me to present you with a few more Hints, for your Inspection. They may open, to exercise Reason, new Scenes ; and be esteemed, not wholly unworthy of Notice. General Rules and Observations, are thought to be of little Service, in Life ; as few take the Pains to apply them ; or, feel their Force ; or make a proper Use of them, in particular Circumstances. I shall, therefore, not only cry, take heed—but shew you where the Danger lies, that is to be shunned, or where you are most likely to go out of the Way.

Think not, my dear *Euphronius*, of making an Alliance with those, whose Conversation,



sation, and Example, are grained, in fashionable Vices : among which, especially, note, the *Impious*, the *Profane*, the *Obscene*, the *Abusive*. Ill-Company, is a dangerous Snare ; and sullies the Lustre of pure Manners : but wicked Companions, are infectious Diseases, and sure Instruments of Destruction. Fly to a Desert — be contented with Solitude — rather than be incorporated with Centaurs ; and seduced by Participation.

There are others, will only be Friends, for their own Occasion ; and not abide the Day of Trouble. These, in their Conversation, are insinuating : in their Actions, deceitful ; crafty, loquacious, time-serving : consequently, uneven, in Temper ; and unsteady, in Conduct. By all Means, keep from the Recesses of your Heart, such *Januses* ; such Blowers of Cold and Hot. Friendship, when it *can* be confined in this Channel, runs slow, and languishing. When put to the Test, you will find them, deceiving Safe-guards, feeble Counsellors, and miserable Comforters.

*LYSANDER*, is courteous, and obliging : liberal in his Offers ; importunate in his Invitations, to his House, and Table.

His

His principal Rule of Life is, not to offend; and his Guide, the general Opinion. His Conversation is such, as will equally serve all Men, and all Times: a kind of complimentary Address, superficial Rhetorick, accompanied with the Punctilios of good Manners. No Man has a better Command over his Tongue, and Temper, than *Lyfander*: No Man utters pleasanter Things; nor with a better Grace: yet he oftener speaks what is civil, than what is sincere. He is one, whose Friendship seldom goes beyond the Bounds of Courtesy; accounting Promises, only, polite Phrases. In Complaisance to fashionable Respect, he will promise any-thing: he will do any-thing: but, enter upon Particulars, he will do nothing; and, you then find him, a mere Nothing. At your first Acquaintance, who, so friendly, who, so kind, as *Lyfander*. No one, comes off, with more Eulogiums, or gives greater Satisfaction — Visit him again — Will he improve your Esteem into Love? Will he keep his Word? Will he add Sincerity to his Professions? Will he, look beyond himself, when conferring Favours? Will he serve you in Matters of Moment? — Study this

this *plausible* Man, *Euphronius*. — *Lysander* saves only Appearances : and you will perceive him, to have that *without*, which he ought to have *within*.

You are acquainted with *DAPPER-WIT* — go not a Step further. His Professions of Kindness are similar to the Flashes of his Wit, soon kindled, and as soon vanish. But, little, need be said here ; since the Coxcomb, seldom, makes on his Companions more than a momentary Impression.

What think you of *SYPHAX*? the meek, smooth-tongued, compassionate, prudent, *Syphax*. *How readily he would serve you! — but — with what Pleasure he would do it — if — how sorry he is, it is out of his Power! — had you came Yesterday — or, one Hour sooner.* — Observe his oily Addresses! Complaisant, even to his Enemies. With what Respect, and Affability, he treats even Slanderers, and Villains! those, who ruin others, and those, he intends to ruin, Take notice, how warmly he commends the Prosperous! how pathetically he condoles the unfortunate! He hears public Reports, about himself, and private Complaints, with  
like



like careless Indifference. Talk to him, concerning his own Affairs, and, sometimes, he will be garrulous as old Age : at others, you may suppose yourself speaking to a Statue. Like the Eve-Dropper, he will hear more than he sees ; and best, when least attentive. What he tells, he can deny ; and forgets nothing, but his Promises. Having few Sentiments of his own, it is no wonder, he should be an occasional Conformist, to the Sentiments of others. I have seen him very thoughtful, and mysterious, in resolving Questions, that required little, or no Deliberation. I have known him admire, condemn, believe, disbelieve, the same Person, and Thing, in a Conversation of an Hour. Shun, my *Euphronius*, Friendship with a DISSEMBLER, as you would wish to do, the Eye of a Rattle-Snake.

I am tempted to give you, the same Advice, touching *MEVIUS*, the *Flatterer* : yet, confess, it is a difficult Matter, to distinguish him, sometimes, from the *Friend* : for the Aim, of both, is to be entertaining, and serviceable. The End, indeed, pursued by Flattery, is Self-Interest ; and the Flatterer is apt to refine, upon the Character

ter of the Friend. There is, in the Discourse of *Mevius*, much sordid Insinuation : his Courtesies are overstrained ; and his Complaisance carried to an Excess. Would you, *Euphronius*, court the Friendship of a Man, who in all his Words, and Actions, is nothing but Hypocrisy, and dishonest Civility ? Let your Eyes discern, and place no Confidence, in a Parasite : as you wish not to be the Property of low Cunning, governed, only, by sinister Views. There is one Test, by which, this Shadow of Friendship may be known : apply, to him, with the dejected Look of Necessity, advise with him, under pretended Losses, and intreat his Service, at particular Emergencies : will he, do you think, stand the Trial ? will he offer you more than good Wishes ? — I fear not. *Amicus certus in Re incerta cernitur* — Here is the Touch-stone of true Friendship ; and that which is founded on Virtue, and Religion, will alone bear the Assay — make it, my dear *Euphronius*, in Time — defer not the Experiment, until a Discovery may prove fatal.

*CREON* would be thought saving, and glories in his Prudence. He would cover  
over

over his sordid Frugality, with the decent Garb of Oeconomy : but the Vail is too transparent, to hide his Meanness : the World sees through it ; and scruples not, to title him, a *Niggard*. *Creon*, never learnt Arithmetic, but will tell you the Interest of ten Pounds, at twenty per Cent. for any given Time, to a Farthing. He lends his Money, cautiously, as a Usurer ; and will be paid, punctually, with the Extortion of a Pettifogger. In his Dealings, Gifts, and Connections, he takes Care, the Balance shall always be on his own Side. He haunts your House, with much the same Views, as he traverses, daily, his Farm, to see that all is safe ; and what is likely to be, his annual Profits, from your Good-Nature. He covets the Name of a Bargain-Hunter ; and appears, most elated, at a Cheat put upon his Neighbor. He will be, at times, very liberal — of what may cost him nothing : and offers, very cordially, his Assistance — when not wanted. He makes you a Present of a few Birds ; but will, believe me, draw upon you, hereafter, for loss of Time, in shooting them. A Collector, for charitable Uses, can never find him at Home : or, if met with,



with, by Accident, he is then busy; and begs him, to call again. Upon a second Visit, his Wife gives Sixpence; intreating, her Husband's Name may not be mentioned. A poor Man asking Alms, and a Friend in Trouble, are two Evils, he indeavours to shun; and a third, almost intolerable, is, an insolvent Debtor. No Man can more exactly ascertain the Value of small Things, than *Creon*. By a few mean little Actions, well-timed; by small Sums, well-placed out; by Savings, in little Matters; he can raise Hillocks of Gold; and create a miserable Abundance: for he wisely observes, *many a Little, makes a Mickle*: yet, two Things, he grossly neglects: the prudent Oeconomist never thinks, of saving his Soul: or his Reputation. When this Temper has tyrannised over the Mind, in the third Period of Life, at the fourth, it frequently runs into *Covetousness*; which, by the Power of Custom, makes of Man, a Monster; a Compound of Penuriousness, Brutality, and Villany.

*FRONTINUS*, is one, who, in his first Visit, will be very intimate with you: and this Intimacy, insensibly, glides, into a rude,

rude, teasing Familiarity. I know of no Characteristic, so well, to distinguish him by, as the *Impertinent Busy-Body*. He differs from *Marplot*, in that, his Conversation, is not only troublesome, but *designedly* prejudicial; and the World says, he is more Knave, than Fool. *Frontinus* bluntly enters your Room, unlooked for, unsent-for: he interrogates you upon the Propriety of your Conduct, in certain Particulars: he snatches what you are doing out of your Hands, and you are to thank him, for not doing it better. He then tells you, what Company you are to keep: and, where you must buy your Goods. He will boast of his own Actions; pretend a Kindness for you; and, very soon, take upon himself the Management, of your Affairs, and Family. *Frontinus* possesses the Talent of Loquacity, to such a Degree, that it is difficult for him to leave prating, so long as you will hear. He affects, also, a serious Look; listens with pricked up Ears; and cheats his Neighbours with Appearances. You may, *Euphronius*, think it an Affront, even, the supposing you weak enough to chuse such a Thing, for a *Friend*: but are you certain,

*Fron-*

*Frontinus* will not represent himself, to the World, as such? may he not pretend to be in your Secrets? may he not drive the most worthy from your Company? or prejudice you against them? — Industriously avoid, if you are desirous of a good Character, the, *seemingly, undefining* IMPERTINENTS: Such Persons are, both, troublesome, and dangerous Companions.

*CROESUS*, first attracts our Admiration; then, our Affections. Happy they! who have nothing to ask; who have nothing to expect, from *Cræsus*. His Promises are fine Phrases: his Offers, universal. — *You may command him: and he will do his utmost to serve you:* but with this Proviso — that you know, how to distinguish, what is spoken, from what is meant — and then, it will be Ill-breeding in you, to believe, at any Time, he intends to keep his Word. Stand, at a Distance, from the *Mere Great-Man*; unless you propose to mingle with the Circle; and, in this Case, you must neither desire, nor search after a Friend.

Who can know the peevish, fretful, *MIDAS*, and not pity him? who, that hears his Complaining, at the first Visit, will be  
in



in Haste, to make him a second? A *splend-  
tic, discontented* Temper, is a disagreeable  
Companion. Ostentatious Melancholy, is  
uneasy under, and satirizes, even, Friendship  
itself.

*THERSITES* is one of the Herd,  
commonly called, the *World*: to whom,  
with strict Truth, and good Manners, may  
be applied, what Mr. *Pope* (in one of his  
misanthropical Moments) said, concerning  
the Fair-Sex, "They have *no Characters at  
all.*" *Thersites* depends on the World, for  
his Principles, Judgement, Conscience: for  
which servile Humility, the World's Lead-  
ers are much beholden to him. Never ask  
his Opinion; for it will be only that of his  
Faction. Never expect to profit by his Un-  
derstanding; *Thersites* will not be wiser  
than his Neighbours. In all public Matters,  
his chief Inquiries are — *well what do you  
think of the Affair? what says Mr. Such-a-  
one to it?* and the Sentiments, Men in Power,  
and Place, give out, those he adopts, and  
implicitly adheres to. *Thersites* considers,  
first, the Man, and then the Thing. At a  
Time, when, by the Grand-Jury, a certain  
Place, was mentioned, in order to be pre-  
N sented,

sented, — stay, says *Thersites*, — pray, who does it belong to? — Every one, who gains Preferment, is, in his Eye, a worthy Man, an extraordinary Person: every one, who falls under Misfortune, is, weak, vicious, and a Scoundrel. He will justify, or condemn, any Men, or any Actions, after having maturely weighed, with them, Fashion, Time, and the public Voice: from whose Footsteps, he never deviates. Of all Persons, *Thersites* least deserves a *Friend*; because he thinks platonic Love Madness, and all mental Pleasures, idle Speculation. Would you have him, *Euphronius*, call you by that Name? — take Care you incur not popular Displeasure — if you should, *Thersites* will disown you: perhaps, be the first, to abuse you.

Room for *ARGOS* — make way for the *World's Wise-man*. A Buck of the First Herd this — the *World's Schoolmaster* — The *World's Commander*. — Knaves are his Engines; and Fools his Prey. Some call *Argos* an able Man: and well they may: since he can affect, with a Shew of Honesty, what honest Men themselves would be ashamed to do. Many call *Argos*, a Know-  
ing

ing-one—he is so, with respect to what concerns himself, and his own private Ends. As he attends to nothing else, it would be cruel, not to allow him a little Knowledge, in these Particulars. Nay, I will add, he is an active, resolute Man: active, in doing, what the Consciences of other Men would start at: and determined, within himself, to accomplish his Wishes, by any Means. *Argos* uses Virtue, and Religion, as he does his Friends, only to serve a Purpose: but, in his Closet, he laughs at those, who fear a God — and trust himself. Poverty, he thinks the Result of Weakness: upright Dealings, ignorance of the World: Good-nature, Folly: and, real Honour, little less than Lunacy. Are you inclined, *Euphronius*, to call this Man Friend? — be then, as bad as himself. — does he call you so, at present? take heed — he has, certainly, a Design upon you.

*ZOILUS* is known by the Name of a *Detrafter*. The Appellation is too soft. By Reports, his Instruments, he is a Murderer: a Murderer of Reputations. A base Temper, a foul Tongue, low Cunning, mean Envy, a weak Capacity, a worse Heart, a quick Invention, are Ingredients mixed up,



in the Composition of a Slanderer. Though, like the Serpent, continually grovelling in the Dirt, yet, is he very watchful, to bring others down, by the Venom of his Tongue, to his own Level: and frequently wounds those, whom he cannot destroy. His Commendations are Satyrs; however, intended by him for such: and he will make more of a Mote, in his Brother's Eye, than the humane Cenfor will of a Beam. *Zoilus* is heady; and sour in Disposition. His polluted Stomach disrelishes every Thing, but its own Food; of which, the favorite Dish is, an Olla Podrida, of Exceptions, Clauses, ifs, buts; well-spiced, with infamous Expressions. If *Zoilus* grants Something, in favour of the accused Party, it is in order to strengthen his Conclusions: if a Scruple of Praise, it is, that he may be indulged, a Pound of Invective. If he commends a Person, for some good Qualities; or can say nothing to his Prejudice; or is afraid to speak out; you will hear him talk as mysterious, as a Sibyl: he breaths forth nothing but Hints, and dark Sayings: he speaks much in the Potential Mood — *He could: he might: he would: if* — then a little imboldened — *he has heard*  
*some-*

*something about — but — then, as a finishing Stroke — he wishes him well — hopes, the Stories have no Foundation in Truth: and, for his part, he shall never mention them again.*

— Is it, my *Euphronius*, because most Men are tainted with this Disorder, that it is so brief? that even the Dead are not secure from its Malignity? I know your Bosom is not infected with the loathsome Plague: I know you abhor the stinging Vipers: would you punish their blistering Tongues? — maintain your Integrity: this will be, like heaping Coals of Fire on his Head.

Who have we here? — the stately, assuming, *LEO*: proud, insolent, and an Admirer of no Man, so much as himself. One, to whom Chance has given Fortune, or an Office, and Nature withheld, Reason and Modesty. One, whose Character is ingraven on the Outside: whose Countenance, Gesture, Stile, and Address, plainly bespeak what he is. His Gait is affected, his Looks surly, and his Language in the commanding Strain; something like that, which *Monsieur Bruyere*, has put into his Mouth: “*Sir, you’ll much oblige me if — but it is my Pleasure it should be done. I have sent one to re-*

ceive it of you, take care it be according to my Order, and no otherwise; and that as soon as possible." Leo strikes his Servants, baits his Dependants, mortifies his Intimates, and confers Favours upon the most contemptible of Mankind. What Reason can be given for this unreasonable Conduct? *Leo* wants not Sense, nor sound Judgement — true — but he wants Power: and shews you what he would do, if he had it. The Will of *Leo*, is to him a Law — sic Volo, sic Jubeo — expostulate with him; you prate: plead the least Excuse, humbly, for Non-compliance; you are saucy: back a Suit with Reasons, and Intreaties; you are troublesome. May Providence, my *Euphronius*, never make Attendance, and Dependence, on the proud Man, your Fate! his Courtesies are intolerable; and, to be beholden to him you would reckon a severe Calamity.

If *CHALCEDON* was troubled only with Fits of Affectation, his Manners might, sometimes, appear ludicrous; yet his Conversation not very fatiguing; but that *Self-conceit*, which clings to every Period, and most trifling Transactions, renders both disgusting. *Chalcedon* affects a certain Solemnity,



ty, and Air of Importance, in all he says, or does. When the Humour of talking seizes upon him, he will discourse, quaintly, about the Priviledges of *Magna Charta*; and inquire of his Crony, what the Words mean; or how to pronounce them. He seldom opens a Book: much seldomer thinks for himself: nevertheless, what he purchases from Hear-say, he retails, as what will not admit of a Doubt. — *Observe what I say — understand me right — it must be so — it is impossible to be otherwise — oh, a clear Case — an undeniable Truth — past Dispute* — These are definitive Phrases, that save him the Pains of referring to Authority and Proof. His Speculations centering in himself, we are not to imagine, it is in his Power, to give up his Affections to a second Person; nor can we lean with an intire Confidence, and not be deceived, on a Bladder, blown up with Wind.

I pity a *weak Man*, and such a one is *NEMO*: a Child at Man's Estate: a great Boy in Leading-strings. He has, it is true, a well-meaning Mind; and that harmless Disposition, which hurts no one Person, so much, as *Nemo*. They, who are best ac-

quainted with him, find it difficult to decide, how many Removes he is from a Wise-man, and how near his Approaches to a Fool. — Are you not surpris'd? is it *Nemo* you visit? — yesterday he smothered you with Imbraces; he loaded you with all his Secrets: To-day, how cold he is! how reserved! perhaps, you have not abused him — perhaps, he thinks you are come to give him good Counsel. Among the many Errors *Nemo* falls into, these are not the least — he will sooner be inticed, than persuaded, or convinced. He is the Tale-bearer's Tool: the Flatterer's Anvil. He is extremely fond of Strangers; loves those best, whom he knows only by Report; and is quickly weary of his Friends.

Here comes one, to close the Catalogue, who, though not a Man-hater, makes every Man shun him: it is *THEODORE*, with his Hand upon his Pocket. He treads, hastily, as if he had fallen out with the World, and was running, to be revenged on it: peradventure, he may have left his Desk open, and is returning Home, from a Surmise, that his Wife will rob him. If he gives an Auctioneer a Commission to bid for him, he will

desire

desire several Persons, to take Notice, at what the Articles sell. There are few Men, so fortunate, as to be spoken well of by *Theodore*; because, all in his Eyes, are Fools, or Knaves: which Prejudice confines his Regard to Words: two whereof, he is passionately fond of: these are, *Witnesses*, and *Security*. Unhappy *Theodore*! who thinks every one cheats him: who neither lends, nor borrows, without the Apprehension of being imposed on. — A suspicious Temper is an uneasy Companion; and the *distrustful* Man, a precarious Friend.

These, my *Euphronius*, are the Characters, whose Sentiments, Prejudices, Habits, and Conduct, are such, as afford little Room, for the sweet Intercourse of Friendship. You may now, probably, inquire — By what Rule, is my Choice to be directed? you may say, I have cleared away the Rubbish, but not discovered, where the precious Gem is to be found — Indeed *Euphronius*, I must, I believe, here leave you to yourself: to that Judgement, natural Sense, and Prudence, which, properly exerted, will be of more Service to you, than whole Volumes of written Directions — I have supposed you,  
under



under the Influence, of virtuous Principles; and therefore may, safely, farther advise you, to learn Wisdom of the Children of this World. You see, *they* herd together, just as their ruling Passions impel; the Avaricious, the Debauched, the Knavish, with Men of similar Principles, and Practices. So you, if desirous to preserve, and improve in Virtue, must observe, in chusing a Friend, Conformity of Temper, Resemblance in Humour, Correspondency of Opinion; and indeavour, to form an Alliance, with Men of Prudence, Honour, and Conscience. Before you grapple to your Soul, like Hooks of Steel, any of your Companions, examine well their Recommendations; estimate their Deportment; and dive into their real Characters. Timidity, here, is good Sense; and, Procrastination, true Wisdom. Remember the Advice of *Socrates*; "Make thyself a Friend, slowly:"——— for

———" *Since Friends grow not thick on every*

*" Bough,*

*" Nor every Friend unrotten at the Core,*

*" First, on thy Friend, deliberate with thy-*

*" self ——*

*" Pause,*

*" Pause, ponder, sift ; not eager in thy Choice,  
 " Nor jealous of the Chosen ; fixing, fix ;  
 " Judge before Friendship ; then confide till  
 " Death."*

YOUNG'S D. Night-Thoughts.

I remain, my Dear EUPHRONIUS,

in a plain Counsellor,

Your faithful Friend, &c.



## LETTER VI.

S I R,

**P**ERSONS of Fortune, or in easy Circumstances, from a false Notion of Independency, and the Ground of Esteem, imagine, they are at Liberty to do any thing,  
 or

or nothing; to dispose of themselves, or Time; and to fill up their vacant Hours, with such Expedients, as Folly, or Caprice, may bring into Vogue. But Common-Sense must acknowledge, and, if attended to, would expose this Fallacy. Is not every one, as a Member of Society, accountable for his public Actions to Society? because we have much Time at command, does it follow, we may fool it away? if we are not over-thoughtful, is this a good Reason, for encouraging a Dissipation of Thought? if some are too volatile, to ingage in social Converse; too insensible, to amuse themselves with doing benevolent Actions; have they, on this Account, the Privilege to contaminate the Morals of Youth? or, at least, to tincture their Manners with a light Insignificancy?

I was, imperceptibly, led to these Thoughts, by a contemplative View of the *fashionable Diversions*, which, at present — Oh, I beseech you, do not contract your Brow — I am not, as you may imagine, beginning, most violently, to exclaim against the Poms, and Vanities, of this sinful World — no, no, I am too much a Recluse myself, to wish others so; and, am never better pleased,



pleased, than to behold the Fiend, Melancholy, drove from the human Breast, by Sports, and Amusements: these expel Singularity, banish Caprice, sweeten a sour Temper, and smooth the rugged Paths of Life. The *Theatre*, when under the Management, of a *Garrick*, becomes the Source, of refined, and useful Entertainment: there, the Gay, the Young, the Old, may find Pleasure, and Improvement. Pity! that Means peculiarly adapted to mould, instruct, and reform, rational Beings, should not be always subject to the Care, and Regulation, of good Taste, and Virtue! Harkye, (methinks I hear you say) what Objections have you to a *Game of Whist?* or *Quadrille?* — none, provided you will indulge me, to chuse my Company, name my Stakes, and fix the Time for Play. I have no Aversion to Cards, as Cards, but I cannot make them my Apollo, nor become their Advocate, when converted into unjoyous Recreations, and disturbers of the calm Affections. The Goût, at present, for them, is so sanguine, that they can, no longer, be considered as mere Pastimes, but as the Sport of Avarice, or an established Modish Trade for Gain. Parties  
now

now sit down to a Table full of the Spirit of Gaming : an Eagerness to win is visible on their Countenances ; and much Inquietude, sometimes Quarrels, distinguish Persons of the best Sense. The bad Consequences, produced by Play, and which are strongly felt, both by Individuals, and the Public, are well known ; and if any find a very good Account in it, they are, for the most part, the insignificant, or worthless part of Mankind. I doubt not, but they who possess a Delicacy of Taste, are touched very sensibly, with the tyrannic Sway of Spadile and Manile, when they reflect, that by their Usurpation, much elegant Improvement, from the Fair-Sex, is intirely excluded, and lost : I say elegant Improvement : for, as Mr. *D. Hume* observes : “ What better School for Manners, than the Conversation of virtuous Women ; where the mutual endeavour to please, must insensibly polish the Mind ; where the Example of the Female Softness and Modesty, must communicate itself to their Admirers ; and where the Delicacy of that Sex puts every one on his Guard, lest he give Offence, by any Breach of Decency.”

I would

I would not, by what I have said, be thought to hint, at confining Particulars to a certain Circle of Diversions ; nor am I about to determine what these should be : yet I could wish, such were excluded the Number, as might be grossly abused, and which not so much unbend, as enfeeble the Mind. When modish Amusements, ingender Idleness, or inflame the angry Passions, when they ingage the whole Attention, when they extirpate every benevolent Thought, when they weaken every Spring of Action, when they raise up in the Soul, the malignant *Spirit of Gaming*, such Recreations can scarcely be called innocent ; and, we must wrong our better Judgement, or ridiculously deceive ourselves, in pursuing them, as most eligible for Gentlemen ; or, the best Employment for inactive Hours. The Fitness, and Necessity, of Diversions, I acknowledge : nor am so morose, as to persuade Gentlemen, to abstain from such as are, at present, in Fashion : it is the Abuse of them, I plead against. Amusement the most gross, will afford, as well as the delicate, Pleasure ; but neither the one, nor the other, constitute Happiness. From this Consideration, it is not sufficient they  
are



are entertaining, they should be, also, beneficial ; they should, in their Tendency and Effects, advance the real Satisfaction of Individuals, and the Good of Society. Hence, you see, the Propriety of viewing Diversions in a *political* Light, and, as an Object worthy the Attention of an able Minister, or a wise Legislator. We must consider, not only the Impression, and Entertainment, they afford private Persons, but their Influence on the Nation in general ; and how far they may be adapted to our Species of Government. In mixed Monarchies, which have interwove, in their Constitution, republican Principles, even ordinary Amusements should strengthen that *Virtue*, which is their solid Basis, and only Support. In all Nations, (*England* excepted) Recreations spring out of, and are suitable to, their Genius, Temper, and Spirit. I am therefore pleased, when I see, the *thoughtful Dutchman*, musing over his Draughts, the *dull German*, riding in his Up-and-down, the *light Italian*, skipping after a Fiddle, and the amorous *Frenchman*, making Love to a Hoop-petticoat. I do not wonder, that the martial Spirit of *Rome*, should delight in Gymnic, and  
military

military Exercises, in Exhibitions of Gladiators, and wild Beasts; the polite Genius of *Greece*, in the manly Olympic Games; the modern *Spaniard*, in roaring out Praises upon a mad Bull: but, would not an old Roman be astonished, and ashamed, to see the Studious, the Brave, and the Generous, among *Britons*, consuming their Strength, in strenuous Idleness? or a great part of Life, in dividing and shuffling a Pack of Cards? Like Children of three Years Growth, we busy ourselves about effecting Nothing; and are proud, to leave the World with this Truth, by way of Legacy: "That we have scarce done one Action, for which it was worth coming into it." What a Contradiction are the effeminate Amusements of a *Drum*, or a *Rout*, to the robust Exercises of our Forefathers! among which, *Hunting* deserves the first Place, as a noble Employment for the Chiefs in a Commonwealth: a Diversion, that inures the Body to Hardship; and cannot inflame the fiercer Passions, while attended with a liberal Education, Good Humour, Good Cheer, and Good Conversation.

*Musick* has been considered, as a good political Expedient, to extirpate the Ferocity, and soften the Manners of a People. It may be so; and an Application of its Power, not improper, when intended, to sooth the savage Breast. But what can be said in Favour of the warbling Harmony, the melting Airs, the Love-sick Sing-song which, of late, have courted public Applause? Our English *Operas* will they improve, or corrupt the Manners? will they not soften the Soul too much? will they not clothe our Benevolence with Effeminacy? Is there not much Puerility, and Folly, in these Compositions? and are our Nobles so unpolite, or the Temper of our Artisans so rough, as to render them necessary Pleasures? O! *Shakespeare*! O! *Garrick*! may a Nation illuminated with the Rays of Liberty; renowned for Genius, Learning, Valour; characterized by Delicacy of Sentiment, a feeling Heart, and Elegance of Taste; never so far forget herself, as to neglect your beauteous Scenes; to exchange your striking Pictures of Life, for the unmeaning Melody and Raptures of *Italian Softness*.

I might,



I might, Sir, pursue my Ideas ; but think it more than Time to conclude, when I reflect, I am addressing one, who is an Admirer of the refined in Composition ; and who loves to tread on classic Ground : and yet, you have not been wont to complain of the Prolixity of my Letters, though spun out to a much greater Length : I hope, therefore, you will look on my Indeavours to please, with an Eye of Friendship : be candid where you can : some may read, with a severely critical Sagacity ; but your Charity will cover a Multitude of Errors : with this Hope, and grateful Acknowledgments of your Favours, I am, and ever will be,

*Yours, &c.*

## LETTER VII.

S I R,

THE oftener we enter the Circle of Society, the larger our Acquaintance with those who are called the World, the more Instances will continually occur to us, of the Falsity of *Public Judgements*, that respect Reputation, and Character. *Count D.* had imbibed strange Prejudices, which, in time, begot an Aversion to *Florio*. *Lord H.* was pleased to honour *Florio*, with the distinguishing Title of Friend. One Day, as the Count was vending malicious Stories, in order to infuse, as much as possible, his Antipathy into the Breast of others, *Lord H.* thus addressed him. — ‘ Was you, Sir, so intimate with *Florio*, as to have been able, to form a right Judgement of his Character ?’ — ‘ I cannot say, my Lord, I ever spoke to him myself, but I have *heard* Persons, who have

have *heard* Gentlemen speak many Things to his Disadvantage.' — 'Have you Reason to believe, returned *Lord H.* your Vouchers would not falsify their Word? would not impose on you? and are intirely disinterested?' — 'I have *heard* as much.' — 'Are they familiarly conversant with the Man, they represent to you, in such odious Colours?' — 'I believe, *Lord H.* they are Strangers to him, or only *en passant* Friends.' — 'Are you persuaded, Sir, they took Care to be well informed? that they have, faithfully, related Facts? and have you examined a little yourself?' — 'Enough! *Lord H.* — you convince me, how apt we are, to think as the Vulgar; and, in our Turn, to be as much imposed on, as they.'

'I am at a Loss said the amiable *Aspasia*, to determine whence it is, that Impertinence and Scandal should be permitted, to intrude, so far, upon the Limits of Good-Breeding, and Humanity. I find it more difficult still, to trace out the Cause, why, such a Number of Persons presume, to appear as Judges of Characters, who have no refined Way of thinking, no Delicacy of Sentiment; People, (continued she a little angrily) who,



not only, want Judgement and Principle, but even that good Reputation they endeavour to take from others.' — In *Aspasia*, Good-nature, and Wit, are inseparable Companions; Gaiety, and Decency, closely united. She may be reckoned a Novice, in the Customs of the World; but She will not sacrifice, to that World, her Understanding, Integrity, and Sensibility. They, indeed, who have the least to boast of, within, will attempt to fill up the Vacancy from without. Such People hear, with Pleasure, secret History: they willingly imagine, and credit, the worst: they paint strongly: Hear-say, presently, flies abroad for Truth; Imagination is exhibited as Reality; and we, with a surprising Grace, tell to others, what we know nothing of ourselves. Some love dearly to be witty: whether at the Expence of Truth, is not thought of. — Some have rather too much Mercury in their Composition: with them, it is sufficient, if they can be diverting: Sincerity, and Decency, they leave to duller Souls. Some are too Eagle-eyed: their own bad Actions stand recorded, in the Book of Fame; the Knowledge of these makes them exceeding sharp-sighted, and quick, to bespatter

bespatter the Conduct of others. Some are so prudent! so discreet! and think themselves the best Judges of their Neighbors Deportment. The Motives of their Actions, their Views, and Scheme of Life, must, to be sure, be known by their Sagacity! nor can they refrain publishing, with a most wise Countenance, what, (supposing it to be Truth) would be a Proof of their Discretion, and Sense, to keep within their own Breasts. Some, I fear, feel a malicious Pleasure, by gratifying Self-ishness, Irascibility, and Revenge, in forging, and propagating, Reports they know to be Falshoods. Honour, and Justice, rarely, dwell with low Cunning, Impertinence, and Ill-nature. It would be wronging Persons of this Complexion, to say, their Hearts are too tender! and, their Regards for Truth, too delicate! a Weakness this they cannot, indeed, lament as a part of their Constitution! Some, even Persons of Condition, who possess a Turn of Mind superior to the frivolous, and superficial, will, nevertheless, condescend to act the part of mere Triflers: to think would give them the Head-ach: to examine is no small Trouble: and they are too polite to

spoil Vivacity, or counteract the Custom of the World.

I cannot quit this Subject, without noting a few more Characteristicks, that distinguish those, who set up for Arbiters of Reputation: especially, such as have relation to the Manner, in which their Tales are told. *Bliss* is, continually, lowering his Voice, in Company; and his Judgement reaches the Ear wafted upon a Whisper: yet, what is told you, in Secret, he intends you shall publish for him, upon the House-Top. *Flirtilla* is all Hurry, all Impatience; and one need be all Ear, to keep Pace with her Volubility. She begins, abruptly, without waiting for previous Inquiry, or Introduction, 'Well, did you ever hear the like? — Bless me! Mrs. *Tattle* what do you think? — you may spare yourself the Trouble, to ask Questions: for she herself, as fast as her Lungs permit, will favour you with both Question and Answer. *Titterea* introduces every Anecdote with a significant Smile, or a spiteful Laugh; which seem to ridicule the Hearer's Credulity, and, as it were, say, I know you will be Fool enough to believe me. *Belmore* arraigns,



raigns, and condemns, with a mysterious Air. He can smile most maliciously. To hear his weighty Judgement, you must be sworn to Secrecy. Where his Pity is profuse, and his Professions of Friendship strong, his Flight of Calumny is chiefly directed, and doth most Mischief: *Belmore* makes a Virtue of Diffimulation. *Reader!* view yourself, now, I intreat you, in this Glas: and should you, perchance, see your own Likeness, go not away, and forget what manner of Person you are.

*From, S I R,*

*Yours, &c.*

LET-

## LETTER VIII.

S I R,

**Y**OU spoke favourably of the under-written occasional Piece, at the Time when it was published in one of the Prints : for which I thank you : as the Commendation of honest and judicious Minds, is the *ne plus ultra* of my Ambition. I know, (to use *Dr. Brown's* Words) you bring, candid Eyes, unto the perusal of Mens Works : you judge by the capital Matter ; nor suffer Zoilism, or Detraction, to blast well-intended Labours : so that, if the following Rhapsody be well forged, I am persuaded, you will say, we need not too strictly sift collateral Lapses, and examine the Sparks that irregularly fly off. I was going to inform you, how the noble Duke died in the Evening of the 31st Day of October, 1765 ; and to mention some particular Circumstances that attended his

Death:

Death : but I recollect, I am writing to one,  
who suffers no Event, in the public Life of  
this Great Man, to escape his Memory.  
And, therefore, I have, at present, only to  
add, that I rest,

*Your affectionate Friend,*

*and Servant, &c.*



A N

# O R A T I O N.

**T**HIS Day is a Prince fallen in *Israel*.

— As a stately Vessel, proudly sailing before the Wind, suddenly descends, and buries itself in the foaming Billows of the Ocean,



Ocean, so, unexpectedly, rushed into the Abyss of Death, the dauntless Spirit, of *William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland*. The Sun had withdrawn his chearing Rays; Night spread her black Clouds of *November* over the Earth; when the commissioned Angel went forth, to visit the Mansions of distinguished Greatness. To *Cumberland's* peaceful Abode, he directed his hasty Steps. He found the Hero incircled in the Arms of Sleep. No tyrannic Passions wrinkled his smooth Brow: no low Ambition, no sordid Avarice, disturbed his calm Repose. At this Sight, the Angel paused — He gazed in silent Admiration: and, for a Moment, forgot the Execution of his Orders — But the Behests of the *Most-High*, who dare resist? veiling his Face, therefore, with his radiant Wings, he bid *Atropos* cut the Bands of Life asunder. The fatal Scissars moved obedient to her Command. Instantly, the Thread of Mortality was divided; and the Soul took her Flight, through the Shades of Darkness. — Ah! why, why should the last Embrace be denied beloved Relatives? why was the tender Farewell withheld, from chosen Friends?

Friends? They came at the appointed Hour — A chilling Prefage thrilled through their Veins — The Sound of murmuring Grief, shortened their Steps — They entered the Chamber of Mourning — They stood speechless, and motionless, like an unhappy Wretch musing over horrid Illusions of Night — They salute the *Patriot* in the Voice of Exclamation ; but he answers not : alas ! the Eye that had cheered them with Smiles, was now deprived of its Lustre : the Lips, that once spoke pleasant Things were sealed in eternal Silence. — Well may you weep, ye astonished Friends ! Let every Son and Daughter of *Britannia*, weep — and thou, my trembling Pen, stay — suffer the Interruption of a Tear, to the Memory of my *Country's Deliverer*. —

I saw the *Genius of England* rising out of the Sea. He shook his ancient Locks ; and the briny Tears rolled down his venerable Cheeks ; Dejection sat on his Brow ; Sorrow quivered on his Eye-lid ; his swelling Bosom heaved with Sighs ; and in a faltering Tone, he uttered this Strain,

Come,

Come, thou fierce Son of Juno ! from thy depopulated Cities ; and the Land moistened with human Blood. Invert thy formidable Spear. Let the Instruments of War send forth a hollow Sound. Call to thy Sons, at the remotest Limits of the Earth. Let them strike their manly Breasts ; let their majestic Heads droop ; let them strew over the Grave of the valiant Commander the Cypress ; and plant upon his Tomb the Trophies of Victory. — How is the Mighty fallen ! fallen ! fallen ! O ! CUMBERLAND ! thou wert prudent in Council ; terrible in Battle : yet the unerring Dart pierced thy Liver. — Wisdom, and Virtue, nor Valour, can bribe the Ministers of infinite Justice.

Ye *Muses* ! descend from your beloved Hill. Solemnize his heroic Actions ; perpetuate his Virtues. — Touch the soft Lute ; strike the sounding Lyre. — Describe, in glowing Colours, the Events of his Life. — The Honorable of the Earth, and the Base, were banded together. A Gleam of Success added Wings to their Ambition. *Britannia* trembled at their swift Progress. She lift up her Voice to the Rock of Ages — She supplicated,



plicated, for her Children — for her Land — and the *Most-High* sent her a Deliverer.

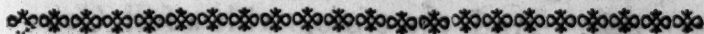
To thee, *Augustus*, the Commission came. He girded thee with Strength ; and put into thy Hand the Arrows of Destruction. As an Eagle darting from the Summit of a Mountain ; as a fierce Lion springing upon his timorous Prey, so didst thou, suddenly, fall upon our Enemies, and humble their Pride in the Dust. *Victory* sounded thy Fame, upon the Cliffs of *Albion* : she dispelled the threatening Storm : and Tranquility returned, with thee, to the *Great City* ; welcome to its Inhabitants, as joyous Spring, after the Gloom, of a chilling Winter. — O ! my Son ! I loved thee, with the Fondness of a Parent toward his First-born. I reared thee, to bless thy natal Soil : yet thou hast taken a hasty Leave ; and thy Glory is gone down at Noon. — Ye Offsprings of Liberty ! I lament your Loss. My Children of this favoured Isle, I sympathize with you in the general Sorrow. Patiently submit to his Will, who ruleth over the whole Earth. His Determinations must be

be indulgent Goodness: and, He alone, at all times, can bring Good out of Evil. — Thus spake *England's* Guardian. He ceased: and, reclining upon the Bosom of a Wave, returned to the Caverns of the Deep.



LET.

# LETTER IX.



TO THE

EARL OF CHATHAM.

MY LORD,

**M**AY I, without previous Application, be permitted to address you? will not an Attachment to your personal Merit through the twelve past Years, plead in Excuse, for what might, otherwise, be termed servile Temerity? I hope the Plea will be thought a good one: it is, however, the best I can, at present, think of.

P

My



My Lord, I am not qualified for a *Legiflator* : nor a *Flatterer* : I only profess myself a Friend to Liberty, both civil, and ecclesiastical. Such a one, a powerful Advocate you have proved yourself to be, by many indubitable Testimonies. Will you desert the glorious Cause? — impossible! — we have the greatest Reason to believe you never will. And therefore, with a full Conviction of your generous Principles, and through Confidence of a Pardon, I have placed your Name as a Frontispiece to a few Aphorisms. How far they merit your Attention, or that of my indulgent *Patroness*, the partial Fondness of an Author is an incompetent Judge : yet he may, with Propriety, declare, they were written from disinterested Motives.

In the Course of my Reading, it has been a Rule with me, to pen down such Thoughts as present themselves from a Reflection on particular Passages. By this Means, I, sometimes, frame a Combination of Ideas ; and, sometimes, strike out others, that appear, in my Eye, to have the Cast of Originality. Of this kind are the following Remarks, which I have stiled Political Thoughts, That

That they may deserve your Notice, and, in a happy Moment, be favourably received, is the ardent Wish of,

MY LORD,

*Your most humble Servant,*

The AUTHOR.

POLITICAL THOUGHTS.

THE Law of Nature is founded on the Fitness of Things, therefore unchangeable, and always obligatory. *Positive Law* springs from the Wisdom, and depends on the Will of Man, but, *humanum est errare* — human Wisdom is not infallible.

It is not in the Power of *positive Laws* to destroy the Difference in Things ; they cannot make Bitter, Sweet ; Evil, Good ; Pleasure, Pain ; Right, Wrong : consequently, the *Many* are not bound to obey the *Few*, merely because they are in Place, and Authority : and, it is possible for a Prime Minister to be lawless in his Actions, who may, yet, plead for his Conduct the Letter of a Law.

When human Institutions are, in their Nature arbitrary ; in their Effects grievous ; when they fail in the End proposed ; and are productive of Evil ; they must be examined, and will be condemned, by the Law of Nature, and right Reason.

If Reason, Truth, and Justice, are not the Basis of any particular Statutes, such Statutes can only be considered, as the Signs of a corrupt Legislator, or Acts of arbitrary Power ; and, in this Case, Expostulation, or Opposition, are both laudable, and justifiable.

*Occasional Laws*, subversive of, or diametrically opposite to, or which tend to weaken the established, constitutional, Fundamentals of Government, whatever Sanction they may receive from Power, are little bet-



ter than the Efforts of Violence: and we may reasonably suspect them the lawless Offsprings of Venality, or Fear, or Faction, or cruel refined Policy.

When Laws are framed for Particulars, not as servile Vassals, but as Members of Society, or a free Nation, they should be peculiarly adapted to those, for whom they are made; they should agree, in some Measure, even with their peculiar Humour; and, especially, be suited to their Genius, Inclination, and manner of Living.

Laws framed for Times, Place, and special Emergencies, can be neither expedient, necessary, nor obligatory, when the Occasion of the Institutions cease.

In a free State where Laws are reciprocal, or established for the Security and Advantage, of Governors, and the Governed, no Individual, let his Station be what it will, can be exempted from their Power, or Penalties: to suppose this, is to suppose a Power above, or independent of Law; which is no other than Tyranny.

The Intent of Legislators, and the Injunctions of a supreme Magistrate, will not inforce Obedience to Laws, unless the Laws

themselves are salutary, flow from virtuous Principles, and, especially, are evidently experienced beneficial to the civil State.

As the Union of Mankind, into political Compact, must depend on the free Consent and Will of Individuals, it is absurd to insinuate, the People have no Right to determine about Matters of Government, or the Intention, and Reasonableness of Laws: this is affirming, they have no Business with their own real Interests, or to take Care of themselves.

The lower Classes of People ought to receive, with Submission, the Advice, and be directed by those of higher Rank: but, at the same time, let it be remembered, the Community is above the highest; the People the Fountain, from whence issue Laws; and the Design of these, is to hold in Awe, the Great, as well as the Small, Magistrates, as much as Subjects.

They who yield to Infringements upon Liberty, or Incroachments upon private and public Rights, not only bow their own Necks to the Yoke of Slavery, but subject others, of a better Spirit, to its lawless Inroads.

“ The

"The *English*, (observes an ingenious *French* political Writer) have a great deal of Reason to be jealous of their Liberty: were they ever so unhappy as to lose it, they would be one of the most servile Nations on the Earth." I am of Opinion, they never could subsist as a Nation. *Greece* is now a lively Emblem, of what *England* may, and would be, if stripped of her Freedom. Where are *Rome*, *Sparta*, and *Carthage*? — O God, preserve my Country!

Before we stigmatize a Writer against Mal-Administration, as a seditious Enemy to good Government, it would be right in us to deliberate, coolly, on this previous Question, What is Government? In *Turky*, it is, the Grand Vizier, or Favorite: in *Holland*, the States, or, private Interest: in *France*, a Prime Minister, or overgrown Financier: in *England*, it is the CONSTITUTION.

In the Reigns of *Augustus*, and *Tiberius*, commenced severe Prosecutions against LIBELS, which were punished as capital Crimes. From this Period, we may date the Declension, and, in a short Time after, the Dissolution of Roman-Liberty, and the Roman State.



Freedom of Speech, and Writing, should not be attributed, as it often is, to a restless, turbulent, *factionous* spirit: they spring from the Nature of Government, and cannot, whilst it has a Being, be separated from it. In unlimited Monarchies Men have neither Inclination, Ability, nor Spirit to write: but in a well-constituted *free* State, the Possession of Property, the Love of Liberty, the Cultivation of Science, will necessarily produce Freedom of Inquiry, and Maintainance of Rights; from hence must result literary Contentions, and the various Opinions of different Parties.

The Conduct of Superiors, as Servants of the Public, cannot be excluded from Censure: seeing, the higher the Station, the more exposed will their Actions be to a strict Scrutiny: and this Liberty a free People always demand, for the Trust they repose in them.

Truth can never be hurt by critical Inquiry. Much the same may be affirmed concerning good Kings, good Ministers, and good Judges: if their Actions are not a Libel upon themselves, they need not take Umbrage at, or fear the Power of Reason; as  
to

to Calumny, honest Men will despise, and wise Men laugh at it.

Sedition and Faction, as all other Words, may be misconstrued, rested, and misapplied. If we understand by them, breaking the Peace of Society, filling Mens Minds with Jealousy, fomenting popular Discontents, I apprehend, no Methods are more likely to effect this, as, becoming the Author of chimerical Schemes, oppressive Practices, Stretches of Prerogative, arbitrary Measures, Infringements upon established Rights, and the like.

If any, wantonly, or maliciously, falsify Facts, let them be judged by the Law of the Land : but, at the same Time, let no Leviathan under this Pretext, no great, or little Officers of State, invade the personal Priviledges of Freemen ; and bid a bold Defiance to the invaluable Bulwark a *Magna Charta*.

Indecent, personal Invectives, Falshoods, and Misrepresentations, defeat, generally, the Intentions of the Slanderer, and fix indelible Dishonour upon his Name. The Great can never suffer much by them, as they have, frequently, if not always, at Command, the  
Means

Means of Detection, and Power of punishing : an Advantage private Persons are, many Times, unhappily deprived of.

No Argument can be framed against a Thing, fit, reasonable, and good in itself, from its being abused, which will not, with equal Force, conclude against whatever is most valuable, and dear to us.

So long as Men differ in their mental Abilities, have different Inclinations, different Views, and are linked in with different Parties, peradventure, by speaking their Minds freely, the Innocent may be wounded with the Shaft that should only pierce the Guilty : yet certainly it is better, that one Man suffers for a short Time, than that a whole Nation should be plundered of their Property, Religion, Franchises, or, in one inestimable Word — *Liberty*.

When Liberty falls, the Arts and Sciences fall with her. “When *Athens* lost her Sovereignty to the *Peloponnesians*, and her Freedom to *Philip*, neither a *Thucydides*, nor a *Demosthenes*, were afterwards produced by her.”



It is a Sign of a Nation's Greatness, when many Enemies combine against it, in order to check its growing Vigour.

Are you a King, and would procure Obedience to Laws? are you a Subject, and covet Fame? are you a Great Man, and seek after Popularity? — be virtuous — cherish the Growth of Virtue — *Virtue* is the best Foundation for Esteem and Applause.

It is the Duty of a King to preserve that Form of Government, which is best calculated, to promote the general Welfare of his Subjects: and to this End, he should neither give up his Prerogatives, nor extend his Authority farther than it will bear: he must be neither weakly good-natured, nor proudly severe: he must neither be a Slave himself, nor attempt to make others so.

The Chinese are said to make no Distinction between Politicks and Morality, but hold it for a Principle, that *the true Art of governing well, is to live well.*

One of their Princes, tender of doing any thing that might over-burden his People, expressed himself as follows: “ The Safety and Prosperity of an Emperor depends upon his promoting the Happiness of his People.

A Prince who oppresses and impoverishes his Subjects to enrich himself, resembles a Man who should seek to thrive by feeding on his own Flesh. Where the People groan under Oppression and Misery, how near is that Kingdom to Ruin? and if a Kingdom come to Ruin, *what must be the Condition of the Sovereign?*

HONGVOU, another of their Emperors, is stiled the Author of the following excellent Maxim: "*As the Heavens and the Earth are continually employed in producing all Things needfull for Man, so an Emperor should be continually employed and intent upon the Welfare of his People: and whatever Pains he may take to lessen the Weight of Taxes, and to moderate his own Expences, he should never think that he has done enough for their Ease and Relief.*"

As the same Prince was visiting his Provinces, in Company with his eldest Son, he stopped in the middle of a Field where some Labourers were at plow, and turning to the young Prince, "Behold, says he, how these poor People bedew the Ground which they till with their Sweat! learn hence to cherish and prize so useful a Set of People, and when

when you come to be Emperor, be cautious how you *add to their Burden an unnecessary Load of Taxes.*"

The Difference in the Manners of Individuals, or a Nation, is owing very much to their way of living. Frugality and Moderity preserve Health, strengthen innate Courage, and keep up the Vigour of the Mind to its proper Pitch : Luxury, on the other Hand, makes the Body sickly, engenders Effeminacy, and brings down the whole Man to a State of Childhood.

If too great an *Inequality* takes Root, among the Members of a Community, what can be expected as the Fruits? will not extreme Wretchedness shoot up? Cabals on one Side, Murmurings on the other? Fraud, Envy, and Arrogance? when the Number of the Poor become large, when Money and Property are ingrossed by a few, inveterate, and fatal, will be the Disorders of the State; troublesom the Reign of the Prince; and miserable the Life of three Parts of his Subjects.

They, who understand Human-Nature, cannot blame Statesmen, on Account of their political Contentions; but every wise  
Man



Man must despise them, if they will not unite to promote the public Good, when the Exigencies of Government require such an Union.

True Oeconomy, as a Concern of Ministers, consists, in adjusting their Expences, to the Incomes of the Revenue; and to inspect, narrowly, the Outgoings from the Exchequer. "It is very extraordinary, when we reflect on the Number of Taxes, laid upon a certain Nation, to see their Cities wasting, their Trade decaying, and the People out of Breath, as well as out of Purse; but I fear a great Part of the Water, which should go to the King's Cistern, passes through broken Pipes, and yet no one knows where the Leak is, till it discovers itself in their Houses.

Noisy Declaimers, in Behalf of Liberty, are not always deserving of Confidence; because, such have changed their Behaviour, from mild and popular, to severe and arbitrary. The most likely way to come at their true Characters, and penetrate into their Plan, is to examine, carefully, their Measures, and by their Conduct determine, concerning the Truth of their Professions.

When

When, in a free State, Nobility is regarded more than Virtue, the People are corrupted, and the supreme Power continually changing, we may say, without Pretensions to miraculous Powers, the End of that State draws near.

There are two Conditions that wise Men, only, can bear; the Height of Prosperity, and the Extreme of Adversity.

There are three Things a wise Prince, in Times of Licentiousness, will not do; he will not give way to the Unworthy; nor place any Dependence on the Dishonest; nor commit the Management of public Affairs to those who are incapable of it.

When Fortune frowns, and Contempt follows the Steps of a Statesman, it is time for him then to retire to his Country-Seat.

Nations, as well as private Persons, are often made wiser and better by Calamities.

The Reasonableness of Laws and the Conduct of Legislators at particular times, I know not; but this I know; that if their Laws and public Actions run counter to the peculiar Constitution of their Country, the Consequence will be Anarchy and Ruin.

The

The Form of Government framed by *Lycurgus* had Virtue for its Foundation, Peace and Concord for its Objects; so that when *Sparta* forgot the Intention of her Lawgiver, and began a mad Chase after Dominion and Conquest, she took the speediest Method to destroy herself.

They who have the best Title to high Offices in the State, are Men of Rank, and rich Men of Abilities: and the fittest Persons for spiritual Employments are, good Christians, rich in Humility, and Charity.

I pity from my Heart, a good King who cannot meet with able and honest Servants: I no less pity worthy Ministers exposed to the Clamours of Faction, or the Envy, and Intrigues of Courts: yet, neither of these Cases are to be wondered at: Modesty and Virtue are not the Growth of Courts; and can but with Difficulty flourish when transplanted thither.

I have somewhere read, how an ancient Philosopher pressing to obtain Audience of a certain King, in a mean Habit, was denied Admission, but concluding that his Appearance was the Impediment, he puts on a costly Garment, which procured him the Fa-

vour



vour of communicating his Business to the King, telling him, at the same time, *that his Clothes had more Influence than his Virtue.*

When the *Mamertines*, in *Messene*, protested against the Jurisdiction of *Pompey*, alledging their Priviledge and Exemption, founded upon an ancient Grant of the *Romans*, he replied, *what ! will you never leave quoting Laws to us who have our Swords by our Sides ?*

This is said to be the instructive Epitaph inscribed on the Sepulchre of *Cyrus*, " O Man, whosoever thou art, and whencesoever thou comest, (for come I know thou wilt) I am *Cyrus*, the Founder of the *Persian* Empire ; do not envy me this little Quantity of Earth which covers my Body." — Let the Ambitious, when they read this, allow a Moment for Reflection : nor be ashamed to check their Thirst for Dominion, or arbitrary Power, by a Lesson, that sensibly touched an *Alexander*.

To hear the Complaints of his People, and to administer Justice, is the difficult, but necessary Business of a King.

The Government of a well disposed Prince is sometimes tyrannical, not so much through his own Temper, or Conduct, as

Q

by

by the Practices and Measures of his Favorites.

Overgrown rich Men are, frequently, indebted for Advancement, not to their Merit, or the Friendship of Kings, but to the Necessity of Affairs, and the Times.

Reformation should not be set about unreasonably, nor carried on precipitantly: and they are the best political Physicians, who endeavour to keep the State in Health by moderate and regular Prescriptions.

Popular Characters, and Nations, have a Rising, and a Meridian: when the last is reached, they suddenly disappear, or set by Degrees.

Are you Second in Power? envy not the Man who may be one Step higher: it will be Time enough to take his Place when his Glory decays: yet be not hasty in ascending the Seat of a Great Man disgraced.

Old Age is cautious and timorous, therefore unfit for Undertakings that require Dispatch and Bravery.

It is not sufficient, many times, to have Power to do extraordinary Actions, we must have Abilities, Authority, and Reputation, to vindicate them when done.

Policy

Policy, that inables a Projector to form a Scheme, often leaves him before it is half finished; or overthrows the whole Plot; or deprives him of his due Reward.

Some receive not the Reward of their Merit till after Death; others become more memorable by their Deaths, than by the Actions done in their Lives.

Gifts should be distributed with Grace and Affability; but Punishment never inflicted with Cruelty or Insult.

The best Guard a King can have, is the Good-will of his Subjects.

Education forms the Sentiments of Men, and Time gives them a strong Root: hence we may infer, that Danger must always attend an Attack upon national Prejudices, and Customs; which are not to be altered but by the lenient Hand of Wisdom, trained up in the School of Experience.

We may pronounce that Kingdom invincible, which is governed by Wisdom, subject to Order, and united by Concord.

Union affords Safety, and gives Strength to a People. It is the very Life of that Wisdom which presides over the Whole. It gives to separate and little States the Power



of Kingdoms; and preserves Kingdoms from becoming a Prey to Empires.

It is one Phænomenon to see a *Favorite* benevolent, peaceable, and courteous to his Equals: another is, that such a one should gain the Favour of his Master, and, at the same time, the Good-will of the People.

Q. What is a \* Favorite?

A. A King's Hobby-Horse; the People's Foot-ball; and a political Earthquake.

Q. How many Favorites will the *English* Nation admit of, at a Time?

A. One in a Century; as a Punishment for the Abuse of religious and civil Blessings.

Q. What is the supposed Duty of a Favorite?

A. To examine into the State of public Affairs; to represent the same with Impartiality to his Master; to assist him with wise Counsels and able Servants; to advance his Glory, and the public Good.

\* The Writer would wish to be understood, as speaking of a corrupt Favorite, without Prejudice for, or against any Party, or having in View any particular Person.

Q. Will a Favorite do these Things?

A. Quite the Reverse.

Q. Instance in a few Particulars.

A. He will despise his Equals, trample under Foot good Laws, break through ancient Priviledges; he will put into Place, and put out; he will promote, chiefly, his Adherents and Relations; he will separate the Prince from the People, and the People from their Prince; he will intercept from him the Light of Justice; he will tie up his Hands, deprive him of his Sight, snatch from him the Reins, and rule in his Stead; or, in few Words, he will command his Master.

Q. What are the Abilities and Talents of a Favorite?

A. To form private Alliances, to practise against his Benefactor, to accommodate Offices for Men, to do, and undo, to feed Avarice, and gratify selfish Views.

Q. What his Merits?

A. To be haughty, vain, restless, luxurious, covetous, beloved and hated, seldom satiated, and seldom grateful.

Q. Does the Advancement of Favorites spring always from Merit?

A.

*A.* Rarely from this Source.

*Q.* Do Favorites solicit often from their Prince Promises and Gifts, in Competition with the public Good?

*A.* Very few beside : and so long as a King has to give, so long they will crave and request.

*Q.* What good Ends are, hereby, answered?

*A.* Oh, among many, the following, to drain the Exchequer, and sow Faction throughout a Nation.

*Q.* What, in general, are the Effects of a Favorite's Tyranny?

*A.* Many Disorders, Enormities, and Abuses in the Administration : Acts of Oppression imposed on the People : all which, when brought to a Crisis, terminate in most violent Convulsions ; the Causes sometimes of great Revolutions.

*Q.* Will a wise Ruler overlook the Faults of his Favorites?

*A.* Not when they reach his Ears.

*Q.* Who bears the Weight of his Blunders and Miscarriages?

*A.* The King and People : they produce  
Dis-



Disgust on the one Side, Disrespect, and Murmurings, on the other.

Q. When are Favorites in the greatest Danger of a Disgrace?

A. When they least apprehend that Danger; when their Master is so bewitched as to deny them nothing; and when they suffer nothing to escape their Fingers: when they have no more high Offices to monopolize, nor any less considerable to sell: when their Ambition and Cruelty run, like a rapid Torrent, with irresistible Force: when they have no Associates; and govern, in Appearance, without Opposition.

Q. Is the Reign of a Favorite an happy one; and its End glorious?

A. No — as the highest Mountains are most exposed to Thunder, and Storms, so, Favorites are constantly exposed most to Envy and Danger: Excess of Indulgence from one Quarter, occasions Excess of Malice, and Hatred, from another: and at the time they think themselves secure, the Tempest is brooding; which, in a Moment, descends upon their devoted Heads.

**Q.** Well then, can the partial Fondness of a Prince toward a Favorite be advantageous to his Authority, Reputation, and Interests?

**A.** Not in the least. Nay so fatal has it sometimes proved to Kings, as to bring down a Flood of Ruin upon their Dignities, which they perceived not 'till it entered their Palaces.

**GOD SAVE THE KING.**



**THE END.**

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To be corrected.

Page 49. line 12. for daigns read deign.  
P. 92. l. 9. for hallow r. hollow.

*W*

2. Well then, can the partial friends of  
a Prince, and a Prince be so advantageous  
to his Arbitrary, Resolute, and Inflexible?  
No, in the least. Nay, so fatal has it  
sometimes proved to Kings, as to bring down  
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they perceived not, till it entered their Palace.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Printed by J. D. ...



To be corrected.  
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